

Lord Selkirk High School



1946

1947



CHRONICLE



Junior Executive
DOUG. TESCH

EATON'S

Salutes the

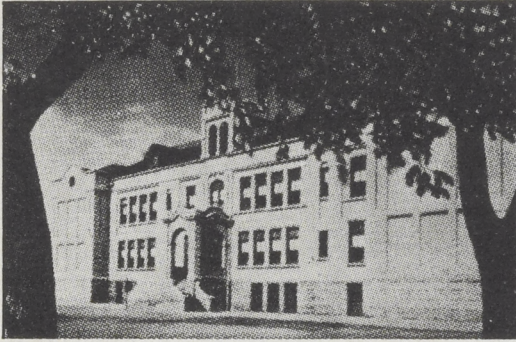
GRADS of '47

TO THOSE young men and women, who are entering into a larger sphere of activity and enterprise upon graduation, **EATON'S** extends sincere good wishes for success in their chosen field.

EATON'S—the favorite store of the Hi-Crowd—through its Junior Fashion Councils and Junior Executive Councils—endeavours to keep attuned to the thinking of the Hi-Crowd, enabling it to best serve them .

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

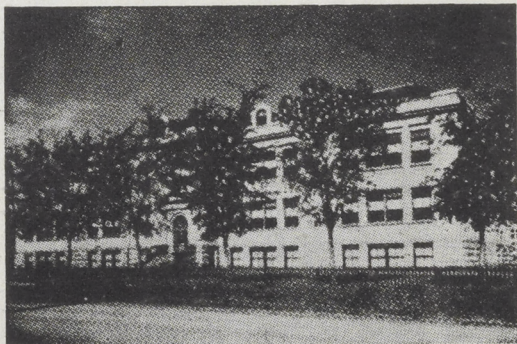
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*Lord Selkirk
School*

CHRONICLE

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H. E. SNYDER
Principal



F. C. GRUSS
Vice Principal

FOREWORD

THE RADIANT, vital stream of youth is about to burst forth from our high school, eager to join with countless others in the many activities that comprise the life work of the people of our nation or eager to continue the preparation for life by attending another educational institution. This is the stream that has the potentiality so necessary for generating the human power that must aid those already engaged and often overwhelmed in their efforts to solve the pressing problems of today.

You, our graduates, must now begin to share with all good citizens of our community our nation and the civilized world, the responsibilities that come to adults who with open minds and broad sympathies are eager to understand the needs of all peoples, and to take such steps as are necessary to weld all human beings into a brotherhood so vast and so enduring that human freedom and human progress will blossom forth in all their glory, marking the beginning of the atomic age in human relations as well as in atomic power.

With you, the graduates of Lord Selkirk School, I place this challenge! As you continue with courage and determination throughout the years, to serve not only as your vocation requires but also as human progress and security demand, so will you be contributing your best to mankind. May the inspiration you have received from your friendships at this school and from those who have guided you in your studies be a constant source of strength to you.

—H. E. SNYDER.



Mr. M. R. Thompson

Mr. A. F. Brown



Mr. F. Bothe



Mr. G. E. Pickard



Miss M. J. Thomson



Miss F. Chesire



Miss D. Bokofsky

SENIOR HIGH STAFF



Miss G. Neithercut



Miss M. M. Willoughby



Miss E. Humphries



Mrs. M. E. Lough



Miss O. M. Krett



Miss G. Matchett



Mr. G. Gostick



Mr. W. Lightbody



Miss M. Corbould



A. G. S. Williams



Miss M. A. Newell

JUNIOR HIGH STAFF



Miss J. Ross



Miss H. Riley



Miss J. B. Carter



Miss G. Law



Mr. Glover

Mr. G. Brunet



Mr. E. Goldring



Mr. C. Ussel



Mr. W. T. Morris



Mr. E. Erhart





MISS I. SMITH
Visiting Teacher



MISS F. BASKERVILLE
Secretary



MISS GALLAGHER
Nurse

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Eileen McNutt
Associate Editor	Maxine Doctoroff
Social Editors	Mary Robb, Doreen Andrychuk
Art Editor	Dorine Lundman
Literary Editor	Keith Gray, Pat Thatcher
Music Editor	Roma Sysak
Sports Editor, Boys'	Nelson Borland
Sports Editor, Girls'	Tania Babienko
Advertising Manager	Philip Eger
Asst. Advertising Managers	Ronald Fromson, Douglas Tesch
Business Circulation	Dick Bird, Syd Guslits Bob Austin, Ed Court
Compositors	Ian Harrop, John Turnbull
Photography	Alan Del Begio, Allen Pitt
Typists	Joan Vergonet, Shirley Manns, Pat Boyce, Shirley Pike
Staff Advisers	Miss Neithercut, Miss Bokofsky, Mr. Bothe



EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITORIAL

*W*HEN WE scan these pages we will look back on our senior year at Lord Selkirk with mixed emotions. We will have some happy, some sad, and some wistful memories of our year together because, for some of us, this is the last of a number of years preparing us for our life's work, while for others of us further education lies ahead.

Social, scholastic, and sports events will be brought to mind. What memories we will have of our school tea! This, the main event of the year, caused excited planning as one booth strove to outdo the other. Also our school dances will bring back memories of happy evenings spent together. In the scholastic field there will be happy memories for our scholarship students, with some less joyous ones for the rest of us. The sports, when brought to mind, may not make us think of any victories and pennants but we have had a great deal of fun in our volley ball and soccer games, as well as our inter-room Field Day. But probably the day which will hold the most memories for us will be our graduation day, because after that day some of us will have to leave this group of friends and go our separate ways along the paths of life.

Now we go forward to challenge the world. We feel confident that the class of '47 will have its share of success and although it may also have its share of failure, we are sure that, with the grounding we have had, our success will far exceed our failure. Before leaving, allow us to express our thanks and appreciation to our teaching staff, whose patient and diligent guidance has prepared us to go forth into the world, ready to cope with any situation we may meet.

—EILEEN McNUTT.

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate



SCHOOL COUNCIL

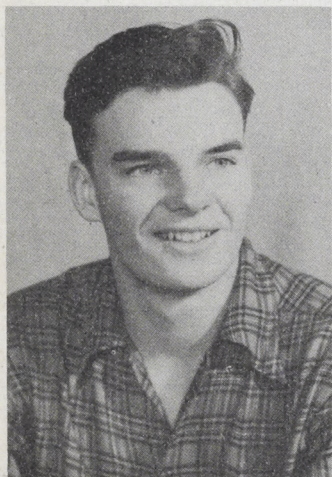
BACK ROW—Alan Del Begio, Glen Main, Stewart Holmes, George Shook, Bill Horner, Ed Huebert, Maurice Cohen, Dave Roffey, Bill Schults, Ron Nicholls, Ed Scrapnick, Blythe Bishop.

MIDDLE ROW—Miss Krett, Jas. Willoughby, Clive Peterson, Arthur Klassen, Bob Walls, Bobby Umezuky, Norman Tait, Bruce Young, Lorraine Dietz, Bob Etherington, Maurise Tresoor, Kay Scott, Ed Gaillard, Mr. Thompson.

FRONT ROW—Esther Mattes, Barbara McMillan, Stanis Kolenda, Thelma Thimsen, Pat Duce, Jeanette Budzinski, Doreen Gibson, Marion Llewellyn, Donna McClellan, Margaret Bottle, Joyce Shack, Sally Evans, Joyce Sherman.

MISSING—Frances Lucko, Joyce Haig, Ken Main.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



The past year has been one that the graduates of this year will remember for years to come. We will think back over the many events that took place and remember the pleasures and profits we have reaped.

In reviewing the year we remember the success of the swimming, bowling, curling, and the Field Day, and recall the dances arranged by the hard working dance committee.

Outstanding among the events of the year was the Tea and Fair held in February. This event gave the young people of the community an opportunity to meet the staff and students and hear the school orchestra which performed successfully under the direction of Mr. Larder.

Speaking of music, we are reminded of the French choir which gave its annual performance over the C.B.C. network. Music reminds us, too, of the pride we feel in remembering the performance of our students in the Musical Festival.

For all the gratifying success of these undertakings I wish to express my thanks to the students who have worked effectively and well towards the success of this year. May I, in this connection, mention the dance committee, the bowling committee, the members of the student council, the year book staff, the sports captains and all those who have done their part in forwarding the interests of our school.

Behind the efforts of the students there is the interest and support of our teaching staff. To them, and to our principal, Mr. Snyder, I wish to tender thanks for the assistance and guidance during the year.

—BRUCE YOUNG.

1946 ♦ GRADS ♦ 1947

Graduation

Noble mother of our learning
Know you now the awful truth—
We are never more returning,
Gone the best days of our youth.

Many years have come and vanished
Since we stepped inside your walls.
Now we feel like people banished,
The very thought of it appalls.

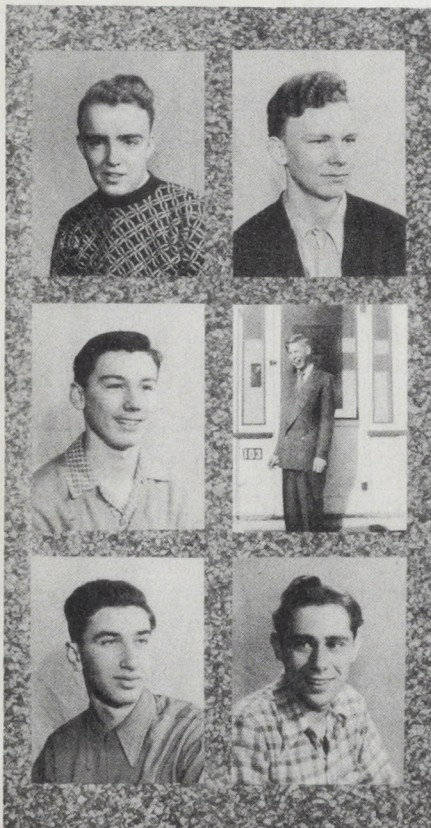
Happy were the times we knew you,
But they couldn't always last;
There's no praise that is not due you,
All our joys were unsurpassed.

Your great name we will remember
For from you our knowledge came.
You it was that fanned the ember
Till it burst into a flame.

You it was that took and taught us,
Made us scholars with our pens.
You it was that took and wrought us
Into better citizens.

Still there's joy, for there is handed
To us all a task to do.
To the world, give what's demanded,
And extend our thanks to you.

—KENNETH CARLSTROM



DICK BIRD—Ace bowler, curler, and the perfect student. Well liked by everyone; he knows schoolwork like Abbot knows Costello. Ambition—fixing grinders (Dentistry), following in his father's footsteps, of course; and to beat Doug. in chess.

GERALD CHERRY—The blond curly-headed lad of 11-4 excels in dancing and sports. Is ambitious to travel the world around and then?—well, he aims to be a electrician—maybe!

NELSON BORLAND—"Nellie" is that small, amiable, good looking lad of XI-4 with lots of life for sports and dancing. Ambition—to write frontwards. Pastime—dating the ladies. (Anyone special??)

JACK COOK—"Red" is seldom seen and always heard. (Those heels of his!) Leaves school in his spare time. Ambition—To get through Grade XI. Speedy in writing exams. Can be found in Mercury's or fighting with Henry.

EDDY CANTOR—"Heddy" is our gold-tennis-bowling fiend who spends most of his time in school doing old homework. Ambition—to beat Morley in tennis. Future—"U" and medicine. Good luck, Ed.

ALAN DEL BEGIO—"Del" is President of the HiY local Sahara and vice-president of XI-4. Excels in dancing and coming to school at 9:05 a.m. with Horner. Pastime—answering Mr. Bothe's questions (oh yea?) in algebra, while rubbing his head.

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PHILIP EGER—"Philip", our competent advertising manager for the Year Book, has inspired his staff to top all previous records in securing adds. Good work! Gives Syd a run for his money, too. Pastime—talking with Bruce, and lending his algebra. Ambition—"U".

BILL HORNER—"Red" Horner is the popular brush cut boy of 11-4. His ambition—well we'll hear that when he completes Grade 12. Happiest month of the year spent in the General Hospital. Its fun entertaining! Mascot for 11-4 baseball team.

GORDON FINGLER—"Figs" is the newest dancer at the local Sahara. Wants to go through Grade 12. Worthy ambition, Gord—Homework? bah! Excels in shops at "Tech". Interest—a gal from Sioux.

ABE KLASSEN—Abe is the big, quiet, studious lad of XI-4. A literal Charles Atlas. Favorite saying—"Nope!" Pastime—homework(?). Figures on turning the sod for a living.

GERALD FORSBERG—Here is your dream man, girls! "Swede's" ambition is to be a billionaire playboy. Pastime—knocker. Master Forsberg is allergic to Shakespeare, physics, etc., etc. (How does he get such good marks?)

GEORGE KOLBA—"Curly" is a rare visitor of XI-4. He does a little of this and that, in school. Interests—skiing and the canteen Friday nights. Favorite saying: "Huwo everybody." Plans on forestry service.

SYD GUSLITS—Here's the "brains" behind XI-4. Syd wants to be a dentist with Bird. Pastime—lending out homework and driving some teachers crazy with questions. Best subjects are geometry, chemistry, physics, etc., etc.

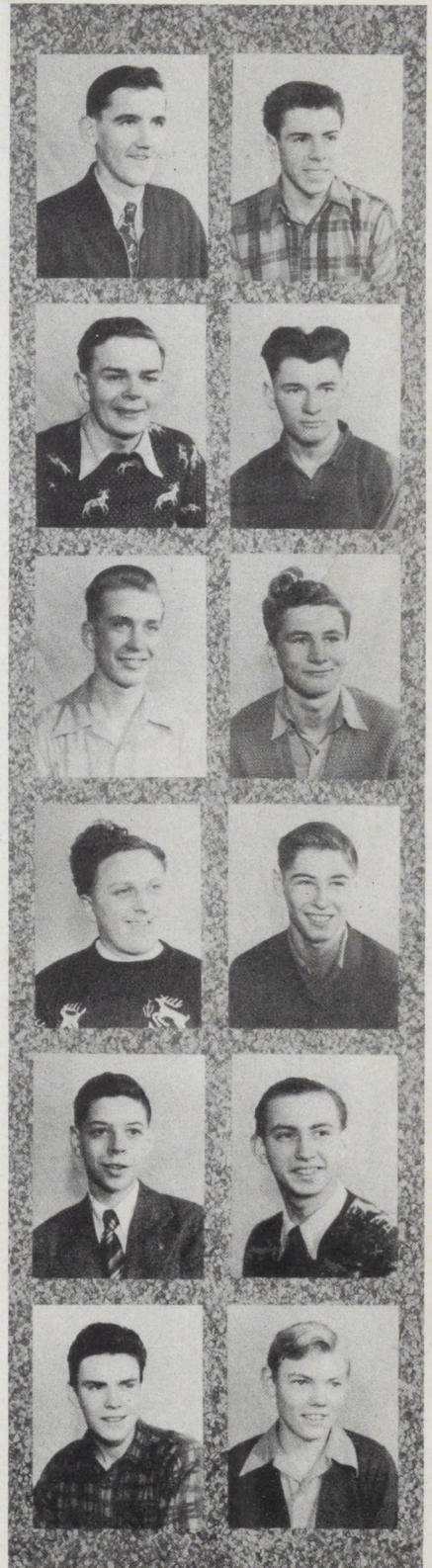
BOB KSIONEK—"Ksionek" is the most consistently "brush" cut boy of 11-4, whose high jumping skill far exceeds his high marks in school. Future—radio and electronics.

IAN HARROP—"Harpo" is a whiz at geometry, Boyle's Law and electrical charges. Ian spends the history period avoiding Mr. Brown. No apparent interest in "femmes" but in engineering.

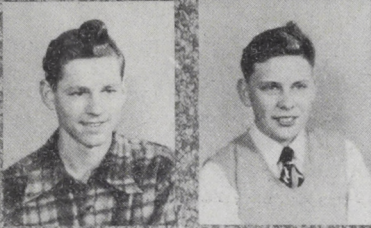
ZENY KULACZKOWSKI—Member of local Sahara. Draftsman or commercial art is his ambition. (Going to run "Petty" out of business??). Excels in all sports. Pastime—talking to Mr. Pickard about stamps.

ALAN HOOPER—This amiable young man spends most of his time getting brush cuts and cracking jokes. Likes having fun with the least possible effort, except when it comes to wrestling. Ambition—undecided. Success to you, Alan.

BENNY LOEWEN—"Chief Loewen," the little blond who can lick his weight in wildcats (small wildcats). Ambition—to leave school. Hopes to get a better Algebra mark. Pastime—getting out of homework, entertaining Mr. Brown in history with "Harpo."



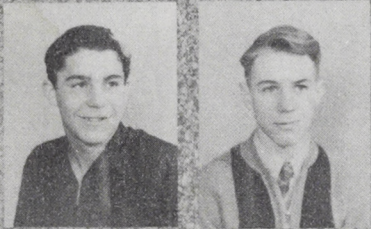
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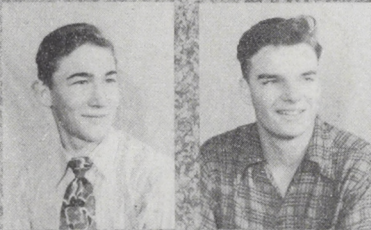
BILL MACHILINSKY—"Match" is XI-4's little James Cagney. Does Algebra in "sooper-speed" fashion. Favorite object—girls/ Future—pro-hockey star, (so he says). Pastime—discussing curves with "Swede" (in geometry period of course).



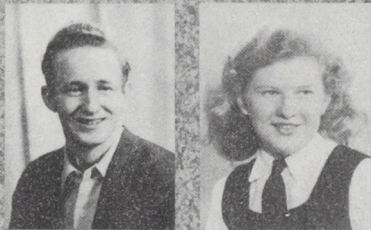
DOUG. G. TESCH—XI-4's secretary and Eaton's Junior Executive. "Slim" would sub for Mr. Pickard anytime. Aim—high-school teaching and a cabin in the Dakota Badlands. Pastime—"pawn to king 4."



BILL MACKIE—Tall, dark, and freckled "Mackie" is XI-4's best dressed "pin-up" boy. Spends his time borrowing homework and talking with everyone about everything. Star bowler (oh yea?). Favorite subject literature! Guess again.



BILL TRESOOR—Here's XI-4's medium-sized blond bomber in person. One of the few who collects fair marks (or does he?) without studying. Pastime—discussing figures with Ksonek. Favorite subject—could it be a red-head.



GORDON MAHOOD—Hoody's hobby is June Haver. Thinks school is 'eavenly but homework . . .(). Interests—horses; races, horses (horses interest him, you know). Enjoy detention class, Gord?



JOHN TURNBULL—"Jr." hopes to follow Lincoln's profession. With his marks he can do it. Wields a mean rock in curling, is a second Byron Nelson in golfing. John's next goal is "U."

HENRY NEUFELD—"Newfy" is a "back row" student but always can be heard up front. The famous, quiet, industrious lad of XI-4. Ambition (??) Pastime—engaging Cook in fisticuffs and day-dreaming.

BRUCE YOUNG—That tall, dark and handsome boy? from 11-4 is our amiable school president. This eager beaver plans on "U". Likes working at boys' camps—or is it Kenora???

GERALD PURDY—Here is Mr. Bothe's understudy, the "algebra question-maker" in person. "Fingers" knows classics and boogie inside and out and backwards. Intensely interested in E.K., and in "U".

OLGA BIGULARSKI—Blonde-haired girl of XI-10. Wise-cracks all the time in those history periods. Liked by cno and all. Just loves to nick-name people. Ambition—unknown.

WES SMITH — The "scientist" of XI-4. Hopes to be an agriculturist. A budding Rachmaninoff. Favorite expression: "Verily, a cinch." Bowler and skier.

MAURICE BODNARCHUK—A quiet lad from XI-10 who also likes dancing, but is a little shy. This black-haired boy takes a keen interest in improving his typing.

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ALFRED BROSE—Known to his many friends as "Charlie." If there is any trouble you can thank Charlie and his better half. He has a flare for dancing classes. Ambition—to go into business for himself.

KEITH GRAY—Definitely a woman hater(??) who always pesters the females, but they love it? A keen student who excels in collecting high marks. Top-notch backer of school activities. Ambition—to be a journalist.

KENNETH CARLSTROM—Here today and gone tomorrow student. Has a flare for writing poetry for the year book. Very sharp student who is liked by all. Ambition—to see the world.

PEARL HAUSER—Dark-haired girl of XI-10. One of her many pastimes is to lend out her homework to the rest of the class. Is well-liked by all and will go far in the business world.

GLORIA COX

Spring is here, the grass is ris,
Glo wonders where the "Rob"ins is.

She comes from E.K. and eats lunch with Rimmy every day. Glo's favorite sports are roller skating and dancing.

DOUG. HERMAN—

"The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild,
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats.
But I want my neckties wild!"

Ambition—to be a professional hockey player.

LILY EHN—Former member of XI-10 who left us in February to work in an office.

MARGARET IRVINE—Our newcomer from Daniel Mac. Leads of fun. She jives with Virginia and is popular with the boys. She is general Joe in shorthand period.

DOT EVANS—Dark-haired beauty of 11-10. Dot takes pride in hoodwinkin a certain person. A glee club girl and we do mean glee! Well-liked by all for her sense of humour. Dot is looking forward to attending business college.

STEWART HOLMS—The "John Ridd" of XI-10. Capable vice-president who excells in sports, etc. Tall, brown-haired, shy (??), likeable lad who takes pride in his wavy hair. Useful man when a ladder isn't handy.

AUDREY FOSTER—5'-1" of sunshine who always seems to dance and bowl with the same blond brushcut. Her chum's name is associated with peanut butter. Ambition—to be a private secretary.

JOYCE KEACH—This little chick excels in dancing. We wonder why she gets so tied up in jitter-bugging. Makes a red-haired brush-cut man swoon at her attractive ways.



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ADELE KEILBACK—One of the few tall girls of XI-10 (she's over 5'5"). Adele is quiet (in school) and goes socially with a group of girls (boys, not certain). Favorite saying: "Ch, what a character!"

ELIZABETH NIMCHUK—"Elsie" (to her fans) is another quiet girl in school, especially in language periods. This blonde gal is very studious and ambitious.

MALCOLM KIRKLAND—The rugged sports captain of XI-10, known to many as "Kirk." A lad with a pleasing personality and one who should go far in the business world. Known for his witticisms and beard. Ambition—undecided.

MARGARET NICOL—A likeable, blue-eyed brunette with a sensitive ear for music. She has an art for playing the piano and has a very pleasing voice. Wants a home of her own. Good luck, Marg.

SHIRLEY MANNS—Rapid typist of XI-10. This small, dark-eyed lass is full of gags. People marvel at her small hands and small waist. How do you do it, Shirl? Ambition—not certain.

DORIS OLIE—Our quiet, blue-eyed blonde. She is very industrious and studious but always forgets her notes. This dainty species will go far. "Ray" for Doris. Ambition—what does every girl want?

JANET MACDONALD—A short, quiet girl who is active in the school orchestra. When she's not sitting in a show she's a baby-sitter. Janet wants to live in Saskatchewan. We wonder why? Ambition—to go to grade twelve.

JACK PRODANUK—"Card" is an ardent fan of the St. Louis Cardinals. A brush cut disposed of his long black locks. He likes rugby and dancing and has a yen for games of chance (sure things only). Ambition—not sure.

DOREEN MEHNER—XI-10's southpaw. Doreen gets her homework done in noon hours, but at night? What took her so long to get back from Alberta (more fun). Ambition: bookkeeper.

VIRGINIA PRODANUK—Popular dark-eyed girl of XI-10. Well-liked by all her friends and schoolmates for her natural humour. "Virg" opens our daily exercises. Ambition—to beat her brother Jack in history.

MILLIE NOWICKI—Another petite lass of XI-10 with lots of ambition. Spends most of her time debating with Doris. Millie is definitely a show fan. Hopes some day to arrive at school on time.

IRENE RIMBERG—Irene has socials with Jack in language periods. She has a collection of Bills! She excels in volleyball, dancing and skating. Her favorite song is "The Things We Did Last Summer."

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KATHLEEN SCOTT—The efficient president of XI-10. She could be and is classed as the smart, silent type. After all those banquets she's still slim. We wonder what Kay does at night.

AUDREE TANNER—The good girl of XI-10?? Hep-kitten, forever teaching the boys new dance steps. Audree fascinates the boys with her display of bangs. She is our flexible Sports Captain. Ambition—to win the Les Canotieres.

JEAN SESAK—"Fritz" to her friends. This little blonde of XI-10 is quiet?? This active chick may be small but makes herself heard above the rest of the class. Ambition—to work in an office.

GEORGE THOM—The wavy-haired boy of XI-10. Capable secretary-treasurer who always seems to have to collect more money!!! It's rumored that he will start a bank.

LOIS SHATFORD—Happy-go-lucky of XI-10 who excels in making friends. A terrific personality goes with her keen sense of humour. Lois is cheer-leader of room 10's baseball team.

JOAN VERGONET—"Vergie" is XI-10's Social Rep. A good organizer and an active leader. Boystrous' and Vergie's favorite song is "The Things We Did Last Summer." Her favourite sports are swimming, bowling, golfing and lacrosse.

ED. SHEARER—"Dimples" of XI-10 is always good for a laugh and has a sharp comeback. Besides all this, Ed has a personal magnetism which explains his popularity. He can dance too. What more could you want? Interest centres on 5'1" of sunshine. Ambition—Censored.

ALVIN WENSEL

Al is noisy when with Brose.
He likes dogs as everyone knows,
He certainly likes to wear nice clothes,
And from him there's never a word of woes.
His ambition, the only thing he knows
Is to catch someone in a pose.

ALLEN SMALLWOOD—A sports addict of XI-10 who takes a great interest in hockey and lacrosse and is no mean punch-slinger himself. A quiet boy who amuses the class with his humorous imitations.

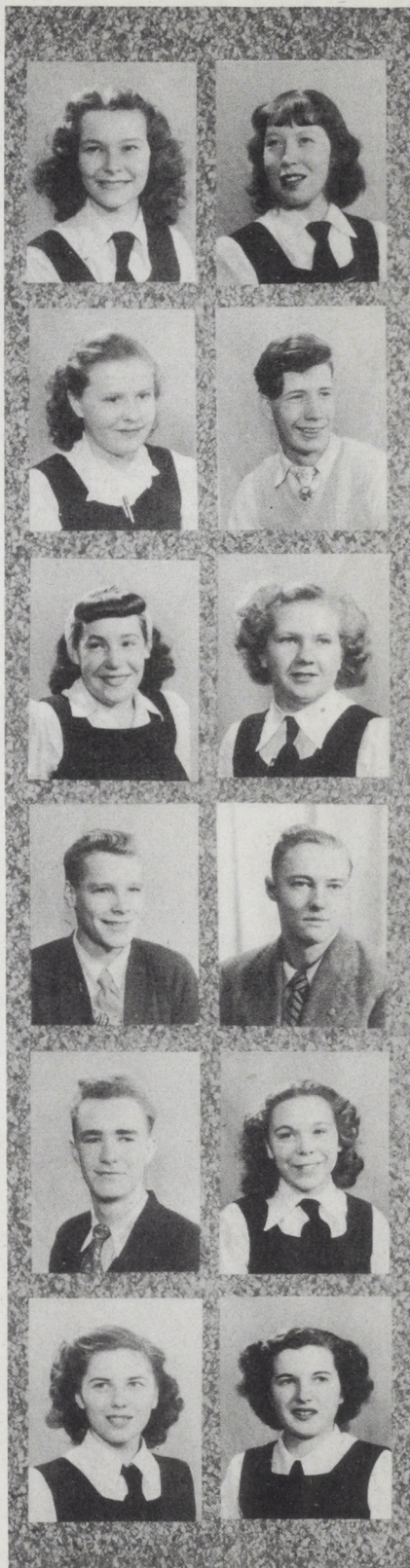
MAE ANDERSON

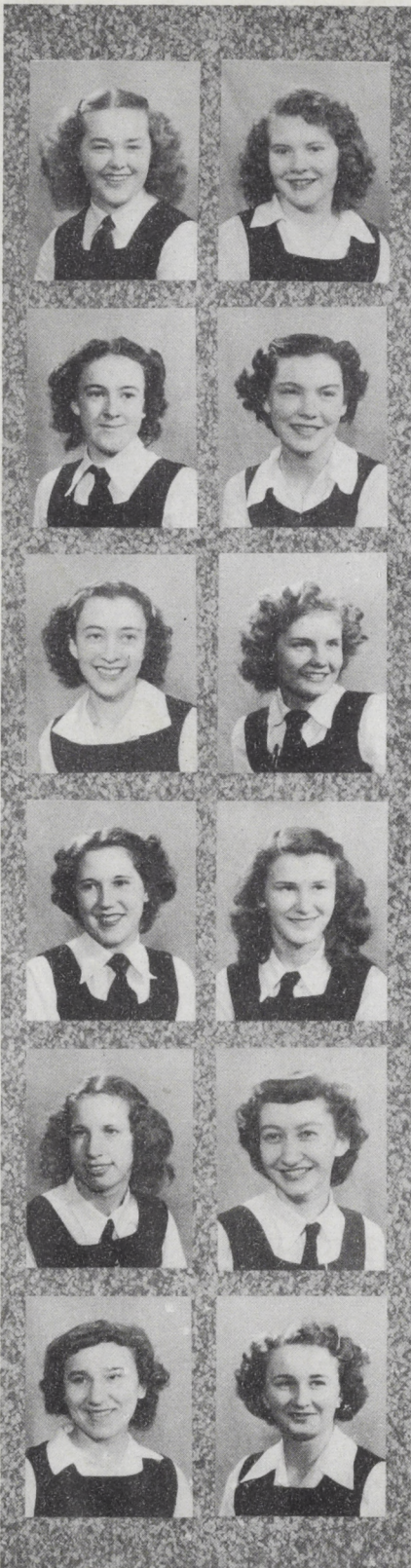
Class secretary is chubby Mae.
Ambition to make this job pay.
Active in volleyball, Tag "Y" and heaps more
And you should see her bowling score.
Favorite saying to bosom pal, Kay,
"Step on it, Peters, Mom wants the bread today!"

SAMENA SMITH—Pretty, blue-eyed lass of XI-10 who just manages to arrive on time. Her keen personality must explain the number of pen pals she has. She always has time to gaze at the clouds during exams. Ambition—not certain.

DOREEN ANDRYCHUK

Never absent, never late
Prominent jiver and a big four mate
Our active Tag "Y" Council Rep.
Plans on "U" and Home Ec.
Favorite saying: "Haig, you dope."
While stumbling through the chem. lab smoke.





ELEANOR BEZTE

This petite jolite fille with the clothes galore
Is always hep on the Brandon Elks score.
Though geometry and chemistry have her beat,
In everything else she is all reet.
Undecided is her future still
But her opportunities are not nil.

JUNE HORNE

June's the gal who always has her homework done.
She says she wants to be a stenographer,
Eut how that girl can draw!
Good luck in either, June!

PAT BOYCE

Smash! Boom! Crash! Rejoice!
This dark-haired lass with eyes of blue.
What's happened to this room? It's Boyce!
She's one of the best on the volley ball team,
And to play lacrosse is one of her dreams.

RETA JOHNSON

Reta is the gal who jives
And in algebra is where she thrives
Skating is what she likes to do
"This dark haired lass with eyes of blue."

DOROTHY DES JARLAIS

To be a great singer is Dorothy's aim,
Tcuring the world, winning loads of fame;
Scme day we may see her on Stage or Screen,
So we wish her luck, and by luck we mean—Success!

ELEANOR KERSHAW

Eleanor is our social rep,
And in all her studies she is hep.
Wherever we see her she's never a bore,
And she has "———" interests in XI-4.
Ambition—to balance the Tag-Y books.

BERNICE DEL BIGIO

Biccc is our efficient Tag "Y" President.
She's the small, cute, but mighty, Room 13 resident.
Under her feet no grass can lie,
Frnm the description, do you wonder why?
Ambition—to be a cook.

MARIE KURLYUK

XI-13's gift to the world of art,
Pretty looking, and also smart,
In winter braves deep drifts of snow,
'Cause home to W.K. she must go.
In Tag "Y", sports and school work, too.
She always says, "I'm telling you."

JOYCE HAIG

Every morning at 8:59
XI-13's Pres. arrives, just on time,
On Home Ec. and "U" she is planning,
While in the lab the smoke she's fanning;
Algebra and physics are her meat,
But in sports she's really neat.

PAT LISCOW

Capable sports captain of Room 13.
In every place with Peggy seen.
A faithful member of the volleyball team.
And the canoe club re-opening is one of her dreams.
Favorite saying: "Lockport, here I come."

JEAN HAWRYLUK

Jean's another gal on the volleyball team.
My, how she loves that game!
Her ambition is to be a commercial artist.
Hope you succeed, Jean!

FRANCES LUCKO

Frances, who comes from Oak Bank, ranks as Vice-President
of Room 13. Though she won't confess her ambition we
know she is quite a girl at baseball and skating, and loves
all waltzes. Favorite pastime—combing her hair during
Literature period.

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EILEEN McNUTT

Eileen's the editor of this fine book.
But in Physics, why the puzzled look?
Gossiping to her seems a chore!
In chemistry lab with the 'big four,
Beauty, brains and ballroom dipping.
Pastime—Brown's and revel licking.

SARAH RODBERG—Sarah's our very capable Red Cross representative. She's always busy with the Red Cross—or with homework. You know her ambition. Oh sure you do!

MARGARET MORROW—A frequent visitor of Miss Thomson and our volleyball team. Dot's twin and a regular attender of the Elmwood Sahara Club and church every Sunday night. What's the attraction, Marg? Favorite song: "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

PAT SCOTT

Pat is quiet and also shy!!
To detention she goes and wonders why
On Friday night she's off to choir,
To be a wife is her desire.
Favorite chocolate bar—Oh Henry!!

PEGGY O'SULLIVAN

Capable treasurer of Room 13,
And everywhere with Pat is seen,
Whenever we see Peg in "thoughts."
We know it's Canoe Club and the Locks.
Favorite song: "The Things We Did Last Summer."

PAT SHARP

Brown's Drugs main attraction
Debates(?) in Tag "Y" with satisfaction.
Favorite saying, "Hi, hon, what's cooking?"
Looks and personality keep the boys looking.
Ambition to succeed in the secretarial field
But we predict to some man she will yield.

KAY PETERS

Dark, curly hair and big brown eyes,
Make her attractive to a lot of guys,
Happy-go-lucky and full of pep,
Plans on "U" and Home Ec.
Loves dancing, bowling, and summer sunning.
Favorite saying: "For Pete's sake, Maisie, I'm coming."

VIOLA SHOOK

Viola comes from Sioux Lookout
Always a smile and never a pout
In bowling Vi never lingers
She has a "G—" around her fing-e-r.

SHIRLEY PIKE—Shirl's on the volleyball team and swimming team. She also types for the Year Book and no wonder with 85 words a minute. Ambition—to be a nurse. Good luck, Shirl!

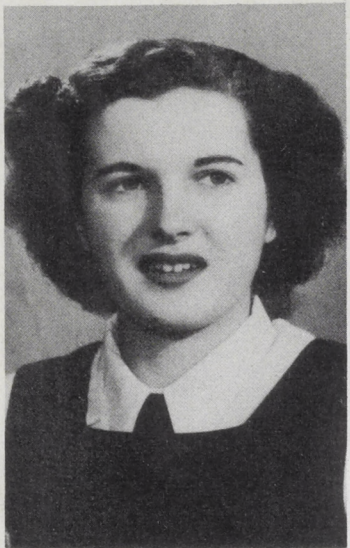
LOIS STEVENS—Quiet and pretty, is a visitor from Fanny-stelle. A regular attender of Tag "Y" and C.G.I.T. Francis' shadow, she thoroughly dislikes Geometry. Favorite saying: "Francis, wait for me."

MARY ROBB

Decorates and personally beautifies the local canteen
As social editor she's keen,
Saturdays she works at the Chocolate Shop.
As a private secretary she'll be sought,
To the Thank-Goodness-It's-Friday Club she's no new addition
To be a lively girl—her ambition.

MILLICENT SKURA—A graduate of XI-13 who left school early in February to take her place in the business world.





VALEDICTORY

Mr. Chairman, Honoured Guests, Teachers and Fellow Students:

To many of you here assembled, this day is just another Graduation Day, but to the Graduates of 1947, my classmates here before me, this is our big day. It is the momentous day to which we have looked forward eagerly for eleven years. It is the time for our last session together, the session at which we extend our farewell as we complete with finality the last page of the record of our school days.

What school days they have been! Until today, our whole existence has been centred about our school life. Yes, from the day when we started school we have spent our lives at readin', writin', and 'rithmetic. Latterly, of course, we have snatches of Algebra, Geometry, Physics and Chemistry thrown in for good measure. But while we will not list the long line of other subjects we have studied, we want you to know that as we have worked and played at school, we think we have learned something of the give and take of life. Furthermore, while we have worked and played, we have gathered a great store of memories which will long remain with us; school dances, the Tea and Fair; Field Days, and the Music Festival.

And speaking of the Music Festival, we trust that you will forgive the girls of this graduating class if they carry with them forever a little of the glow of happiness which they felt this year when they joined the ranks of the many fortunate contestants from Lord Selkirk School. The graduating class knows full well that music at Lord Selkirk will go forward successfully but we wish to express the hope that the classes of next year will use to advantage the volleyball facilities now provided in the Auditorium. We hope you will begin early in the fall to practise and that by practising with spirit and enthusiasm you will win A GAME. When you do, my friends, the ghosts of many former gameless graduates will applaud you from afar. Furthermore, this graduating class extends a word of encouragement to the boys. It is our hope, that next year, many male voices will be heard in the Lord Selkirk Choirs and that great good news of the Lord Selkirk boys may be read from time to time on the Soccer page.

Thus today as we reach the goal, which for us marks a stepping stone to the university, the business world or to some chosen vocation, I wish to tender thanks and appreciation to the many who have helped us on our way: first, may I say thanks to our parents, who with no little sacrifice have done so much for each of us; to our teachers at Lord Selkirk, who have shown a kindly and unfailing interest in each one of us and in the problems of our daily achievements; to our Principal, Mr. Snyder, for his continued efforts on our behalf.

Now with only the student's point of view to call our own, we go forward into the larger realm of life. No doubt, our great-great grandfathers hoped, or feared perhaps, that by the time it came our turn to face manhood and womanhood, life would have resolved itself into a thing of ease and simplicity. And truly, life is much easier and simpler through the efforts of those dauntless pioneers. Did they not conquer wilderness and desert alike, subduing them and transforming them into a land of plenty, a land of thriving cities and villages, a land of comfortable, sheltered homes? How we revel in that plenty! How proudly we think of our modern achievements in communication and

transportation, in science and in medicine! We have come to accept as part of our lives, the news of globe-circling planes and health-giving medicines like penicillin.

Yet, the dream world of the pioneer is still a dream world, "whose margin fades forever as we move," because today in the midst of plenty there are millions who stand in want. Millions there are whose want is as great, perhaps, as any want that civilization has ever known because they lack, and lack desperately, the barest necessities of life: food, warmth, medicine, and the greatest need of all, the want of some glimmer of hope, some suggestion of security.

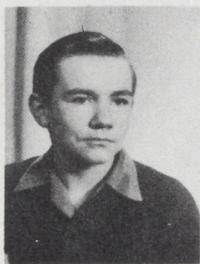
Truly, our generation has enjoyed the benefits of medical science. And yet, there is today a rising need for research and education to assist in combating the ravaging inroads on life that are being made by tuberculosis, cancer and paralysis.

And while the world today breathes in thankfulness that a second class is graduating into a world of possible peace, we know that today the world is waiting and watching fitfully, because the world can only watch fitfully as long as there looms on the horizon the shadow of war.

Therefore, there lies before the graduates of 1947, much work to be done in the world. As we go forward to life's work we will do well to remember that work which is consecrated to the ennobling and the preserving of mankind is the only work worth while. To this end we make our pledge:

*"Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows."*

—DOREEN ANDRYCHUK



JOHN MARSHALL—A boy with an indomitable spirit and a pleasant smile. Has a keen interest and marked alibity in drafting and art. We are sure you'll do a fine job wherever you go. Success to you, John.

WITHDRAWALS

BETH COLDWELL—

Brown-eyed brunette who left us to work in Eaton's.

ALLAN GRAY—

A student of XI-10 who left us in February to work in Stovel's.

ROY KENICK—

The frequent visitor of XI-10 who left us in November. He now works at the Kelvin Motors.

MURIEL McCOLL—

Short, blue-eyed blonde of XI-10 who left us in October to work in an office.

DIANE SNEESBY—

This blonde of XI-13 early in the year found new interest, so she "up and left us."

JOAN WEBSTER—

We were sorry to lose Joan early in the year when she went to work at Eaton's.

TOM WILSON—

Classmates regret that Tom did not stay longer with us last fall, but he decided to go to work. He is also a member of the Reserve Army. We miss you in the orchestra, too, Tom.



FRENCH CHOIR



S.A.B. CHOIR



GRADE XI CHOIR

MUSIC



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

OUR MUSICAL year got off to a fine start with sweet strains coming from Room X-17, where, under Miss Thomson's able direction, boys and girls were learning the art of beautiful singing. Then there was the orchestra, which Miss Neithercut organized for the second time, while Mr. Larder gestured from his podium. The orchestra made its official debut at the Tea and Fair. After the last strains died away, Miss Neithercut and Mr. Larder fairly glowed with pride.

At the Remembrance Day Service in King Memorial Church, the grade eleven girls gave an expert rendition of "Worship," by Williams, and "O Lovely Peace" by Handel. Margaret Morrow's solo, "O Rest in the Lord" will long be remembered by all who attended.

The French in us began to "crop up" and, under the able direction of Miss Thomson and Mr. Brunet, a thirty-eight voice French choir of grade sevens, eights and nines, broadcasted their annual Christmas programme over C.B.C. Many letters of appreciation regarding the excellence of the work were received.

Miss Thomson, twenty grade ten and eleven girls, and Miss Baskerville prac-

tised for three solid weeks for a programme of Slavonic Dances," put on by the Manitoba School Broadcasts. The ensemble sang Russian, Polish and Bohemian folk songs—in English, of course.

Any curious person who passes Room 17 on Monday during study period will be—tempted?—to take a peek and see what's going on. A 32-voice Glee Club is singing.

The S.A.B. Choir takes over the auditorium during some study periods and strains from "The Admiral's Broom" are heard throughout the upper hall. They're practising for the Festival. Those seventy-five voices—with seventeen baritones—sound inspiring.

The festival results have proved more than ever that, due to the marvellous work of Miss Thomson, Lord Selkirk has become well known for its fine musical achievements.

The grade eights came first in a class of fourteen with 88 and 88 for their rendition of "Spring's Return" and "A Legend." Grade ten made a very good showing with 84 and 86 marks for "Spring Song" and the ever lovely "Mists Before the Sunrise Fly." Grade eleven girls' choir not only competed with the above for the Daniel McIntyre Trophy but won it for their singing of "Dream Cradle Song" and "Gathering Daffodils." They had previously received 83 and 90 marks for these songs. Our Glee Club was awarded 90 marks, the winners of this class for their "I Wonder as I Wander."

We'd like to congratulate the individuals that did such splendid work in the solo classes in both piano and singing. Special honours go to Miss Thomson for her excellent work with the choral groups. We're proud of you.

—ROMA SYSAK, X-17.

MR. GODIAS BRUNET

At the end of June, Mr. Godias Brunet will terminate his teaching career after having spent twenty-seven years in Lord Selkirk Junior High School as teacher of French. His name is familiar across Canada due to the well-known radio broadcasts of the French Choir of this school in programmes of French Folk Songs. This has been an annual occurrence for the past twelve years and these broadcasts have been highly appreciated, not only because the choristers are entirely English speaking children, but also because they have set a splendid example in helping to create mutual understanding and amity between Canada's two great races.

Mr. Brunet was born in Quebec City on Sept. 30, 1881. As a prelude to his course at Laval University, where he obtained his B.A. degree, he attended schools in Montreal, Beauharnois and Valleyfield, Quebec. From his early days he was interested in Penmanship and became a well-known exponent of this art, winning an award in this work at the Paris Exhibition in 1900. The urge to come west resulted in his migrating to Manitoba in 1908, where he taught a rural school at Haywood for three years. In 1912 he married Alice Jutras of Letellier, Manitoba. They have been blessed with a family of ten children, all living at the present time. From 1911 to 1919 he was a School Inspector during the days of Separate Schools. This was followed by a term at Wesley College, where he was Professor of French in the 2nd Year Arts. In 1920 he was appointed to the Lord Selkirk School,

where he has remained until the present time.

In 1925, he wrote a book, "Le francais par le conversation," which, at the request of the late Dr. Daniel McIntyre, was a text used in the Winnipeg Schools for three years. For his sincere interest in French he was made an Officier d'Academie from France in 1929, which was a signal honor.

Upon his withdrawal from teaching he plans to do some artistic work in commercial penmanship and in this venture the teaching fraternity and the students whose lives he has helped to mould, wish him success as well as a long and happy period of well-earned retirement.

MR. WALTER BALL

In September, 1946, Mr. Walter Ball retired from active service as engineer of our school. For thirty years he had been employed by the Winnipeg School Board, twenty-four of those years having been spent in Lord Selkirk School.

During those years nothing was ever too much trouble for him, even though that may have meant arriving at school at 6 a.m. instead of 8 on some cold winter morning. His quiet, kindly interest in all members of our school family, whether teacher or student, and his constant thoughtfulness will not be forgotten.

We regretted to see such a faithful helper leave us but we rejoice that he is enjoying a well-earned rest in Vancouver. His home at 848 Nootka overlooks the race track, where he can keep up on what the horses are doing without too much effort.

Happy days to you, Mr. Ball.

In Memoriam - Mr. J. N. Laing

With deep regret we record the untimely passing, on August 27, 1946, of Mr. J. N. Laing, formerly a member of our teaching staff.

Valued for his inventive mind and respected for his amiable co-operation with his fellow workers, Mr. Laing, for many years taught in the Industrial Arts Department, where he, because of his delight in skilled workmanship and his excellence in the leadership of boys, made a lasting and praiseworthy contribution to the enrichment of the lives of those about him.

Residing in Charleswood, Mr. Laing was an active and highly esteemed member of the church there, and joined with quiet enthusiasm in the life of the community about him. Always a keen lover of nature and an ardent sportsman, he and his many friends enjoyed fishing and hunting while his love of animals and his knowledge of their habits contributed to the outstanding success of his mink ranch.

To Mrs. Laing and to Mac, is extended the deep sympathy of the staff, students and former-students of Lord Selkirk School, who miss his cheerfulness and his wholehearted co-operation, knowing full well that as he passed on his way through life, he left undone no good thing that lay in his power to do.

♦ A R T ♦



"In Midwinter" —VERA JENNINGS, VIII-15 No. 2.



"Tiger" —ANNE YEWUSZ, Room X-17.



"Wendy" —EDITH CLOSE, Rm. X-17.

♦ L I T E R A R Y ♦

Mourning Flower

*L*ONG AGO, before you or I were born, there was a black flower. Nowadays we laugh at such a thing, but this flower was quite common, growing in every field, in good soil or bad.

One of these little flowers was very unhappy. All about it were white, mauve, and pink honeysuckle, snowy wood anemone, gay red columbine, silvery morning glories, azure bluebells, and many, many more such beautiful plants, for this was before the time that man put flowers in his garden.

There were red, red roses and purple thistles, but the coat of the little black flower was always dull, and drab and dreary, as if its owner was in mourning. So the other plants called it the mourning flower.

One day, in the late fall, on an extremely hot afternoon, the little flower was feeling sorrowful, as usual, but it was so hot, that towards evening it fell asleep at last.

So it was that the first tiny moonbeam found it, and, taking pity on the little black flower, she stooped low, and dropped part of her sparkling, silver load into the centre of it.

"That will keep you a little happier until I speak to Jack Frost about you," she whispered, and then sped off across the moonlit plains, threading her shining way northward, to the domain of Jack Frost!

When the flower awoke in the morning it felt very, very happy to see its gleaming, silver centre. Now it had the most beautiful heart of any plant!

But although it had a lovely heart, there were still the dull petals and leaves and stem to be grieved over.

One cold night it heard a strange voice calling: "Little flower, little mourning flower, wake up! Wake up!"

Mourning flower looked up, and saw Jack Frost skipping across the yellowing grass.

"What do you want?" came the answer, in a frightened voice.

Jack Frost moved closer, and whispered, "Do not be afraid, but listen to me closely!"

"Tonight I came at the request of a moonbeam, to paint you gay colours, but there were so many withering leaves that needed doing, that I have used up all my paints. It will be impossible for me to come again, but I shall tell you what to do.

"When the warm air blows that marks the coming of Mistress Spring, you must get up quickly, and then wake up the other flowers. If you are up in time to see her go by, then you shall have the beauty you so desire."

Whereupon Jack Frost fled off across the meadows as swiftly as he had come.

* * *

The mourning flower awoke next year with the first breath of warm air. Far across the fields, it could see Mistress Spring approaching. Quickly the flower roused the other plants, who were somewhat reluctant about getting up so early.

Spring stopped when she saw the little black plant nestling in the dead grass.

"Little flower," she said gently, "I know what you want, but remember, your beauty can be bought only at a price. If you wish to be lovely, both you and your ancestors shall have to submit to being torn from the native soil, and replanted in men's gardens whenever they wish to do that to you."

"I should consider it an honour to be thought beautiful enough to be moved to a place where people might look at me," answered the flower.

Mistress Spring smiled sweetly, and then turned to the other plants, saying, "I will give you all permission to bestow upon this dull little thing who has never known beauty, one of your own gifts."

There was complete silence for a moment, and then:

"I shall give it petals like the whitest clouds, lovely as my own," murmured the morning-glory in her low voice.

LITERARY [Continued]

"I shall donate glossy, green leaves, the same as mine," said a Jerusalem Cherry, growing nearby.

"I," said the columbine, a trifle loudly, "offer a stem of deep red, to mingle with the green leaves."

"Would it be all right to take away the silver centre and replace it with gold?" ventured a tiny gilded marigold.

"Of course," laughed Mistress Spring, "but there is still one thing to be taken care of. Who will volunteer?"

There was a deep silence, for the matter was a very important one.

"Very well, then," answered Madam Sunflower, in her stately voice, "I shall take it into my family."

"Well," said Spring, "seeing that you have all given your wonderful gifts, I will give mine. Hereafter, you shall not be known as mourning flower, but as DAISY!"

Then there was a great cheering, and throwing of petals into the air, and cries of, "Speech! Speech!"

But the daisy could say nothing, for it was too choked up with happiness.

—VERA JENNINGS, Room 8-15 No. 2
First Prize, Short Story Contest.

At Last It Rained

AT LAST it rained. All day, the cloudy sky, angry and threatening, had hung like a dark, menacing cape over the city. All day, pedestrians and school-children had been pushed about by the fierce gusts of wind and the black clouds of blinding dust had reared their angry heads, and been swept mercilessly before the powerful breath of the Storm King.

But, at last, all was peace.

Pedestrians had all hurried in out of the rain, and the closing bell for school had rung many hours before. The clouds of dust had returned to their native earth. Only a faint breeze stirred the whispering leaves, glossy with rain.

And the rain itself fell softly, glancing back from the roadway and sidewalks like a friend who is no longer wanted, and sinking gratefully into the cool, black earth like a traveller who has found a haven of rest.

The whole earth lay drinking in the refreshing moisture. The flowers, parched and thirsty, lifted their weary heads and seemed to smile; and their colors grew more lustrous as one watched. The grass, yellowed in patches, and parched by the hot, bright rays of the autumn sun, raised its wasted arms to the rain, and became a brighter green.

The paved roads and sidewalks glistened with rain, and softly reflected the houses and fences on its glowing surface. The whiteness of the fences and gates stood gleaming in bold relief against the shadowy streets.

There was no sign of activity. Not a soul was to be found in the streets, not a sound to be heard; yet the warmth of human friendship could be seen. The friendly glow of a curtained window beamed, and filled the heart with the feeling of joy, love, peace and contentment, that no human words could ever raise. And the rays that slipped out from under a shade that had been drawn over the window, or from a door that had been left partly open to let in the cool clearness of the evening air, gave a person living knowledge that good will creeps out from a mind curtained from the world; or that everywhere, one will find an open door to the weary, the friendless, the homeless.

Yes, even the air was better for the rain. It was fresher, cleaner, better, filled with the smell of the good earth steeped in life-giving moisture of plants drinking in new life and love. Gone was the strife of the world, the misunderstandings and heartless abuses, the hates and the cruelties of thousands of people. Gone were the heat, the dust, and the buffeting winds. All that was once there had disappeared as if by magic, as if some mighty fairy had waved her magic wand and said, "Let there be peace!"

All that was left was the sound of the breeze whispering soft nothings through the leafy trees, and the sound of the rain slipping through the morning glory vine that clings near the screen of the verandah, and sounding like a mischievous elf at play.

The world of the people had disappeared; there remained only the sky, and the rain, and the garden.

—VERA JENNINGS, Room 8-15 No. 2
First Prize, Essay Contest.

So Sorry!

THE TELEPHONE rang just as she had finished bathing Diane. Wrapping the baby hurriedly in a towel, Marjorie rushed to answer the ring, automatically avoiding the tacky paint. Avoiding the tacky substance had become a habit during the painting of the newly-renovated house.

Picking up the receiver she heard:

"Mrs. Stuart? I have a telegram for you, Madam. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, this is Mrs. Stuart; please read it."

"Arriving 10 p.m. train Tuesday, July 3, Love, Sara."

"Thank you."

Dazed, Marjorie turned from the phone. "Arriving Tuesday. But they can't! The paint won't be dry!"

Diane started to whimper and she suddenly remembered the baby. (Later she vaguely recollected drying, dressing and feeding Diane and putting her out to play).

Overcome with consternation, Marjorie could clearly see Tommy's dirty fingerprints on the fresh ivory and red kitchen, the cream and black bathroom, the sun-yellow bedroom called Diane's.

Perhaps they could come next month. She could wire them. But it wouldn't reach them in time. No, she'd have to plan sleeping accommodations, menus and entertainment for her husband's brother, his wife and their son. Through all this, the cheerful slap-slap of the painters' brushes came to her ears.

Marjorie's harrassed brain began to do some down-to-earth thinking, however, and she quickly decided that Tommy could sleep on the couch in the verandah. Sara and Ben would have to forget their phobia about twin beds unless one of them wished to sleep on the floor. At this she smiled, her first pleasant thought since the arrival of the catastrophic message.

"Now, as to menus," she thought, mentally ticking them off on her fingers, "Sara likes 'sensible food' with none of 'those outlandish spices'. Ben was easy to please, since his only dislike was bread pudding. Tommy, a very active youngster, liked food anytime, anywhere. Marjorie was thankful for this, because it meant they could still enjoy their favorite dishes.

Entertainment would have to be provided. Ben and Sara enjoyed going to the races, and while they were there Marjorie could get a girl to take Tommy to the park-playground and to wheel Diane until supper time. Tommy loved the circus, so she and David could take him to one while Sara and Ben caught the latest matinee, or did some shopping. Then for the weekend, they could motor out to the beach. The men would enjoy the golf tournament and dinner at the club, while she and Sara must not miss the Swank Store fashion show, after which they could go to Julia's for dinner and bridge.

Heaving a sigh of relief after completing her plans, she was about to take Diane with her down to the corner grocery store, when the phone rang. It was David.

"Hello, darling; I've found a client for that piece of real estate I was telling you about. I think I can close the deal if I take the 2.15 'plane. So pack a bag for me will you, and send it to the airport by taxi?"

"Yes, dear, but . . ."

"Oh, I should be back in a few days. Good-bye."

He had hung up. She'd tried to tell him about Sara's impending visit, but he'd hung up. She was about to burst into tears when the 'phone rang again.

"Mrs. Stuart? I have another telegram for you. Shall I read it?"

"Yes," she sighed, resignedly.

"Quarantined for measles. So sorry we can't come. Love, Sara."

—DONALDA BARBER, Room 10-17.

Second Prize, Short Story Contest.

An Evening of Concentrated Study

CHARLES put down his copy of "True Detective Stories" with an air of resolution. With mid-term exams looming up in the near future, he was determined to catch up with his back homework.

Tonight was ideal. The family was out, and a peaceful tranquility reigned, in place of the usual hubbub of radio, conversation, dog, and younger brothers.

Charles coldly cut off the announcer's enthusiastic voice right in the middle of his recital of the merits of that miraculous

LITERARY [Continued]

new cleansing fluid. He set his books down on the dining-room table with a firm thud.

Let's see, there was quite a lot of work to be done. Where should he start? That History essay had to be turned in next week—but that gave him plenty of time. Maybe he'd better get at his Algebra.

He rummaged through the stack of books on the table, and came up with a somewhat battered-looking volume. He propped the tome of learning up in front of him, and turned to a fresh page in his notebook.

Now to begin: x over xy^2 minus twenty, divided by—Jeepers! That pen nib was terrible! He'd better get a new one. There should be some somewhere—Oh, yes! the desk drawer!

He vanished into the living-room and reappeared some minutes later, carrying the box of pen-nibs and munching noisily at an apple.

There, that was much better. Now, let's see— x over xy^2 minus twenty—This was pretty tricky stuff. Funny, his answer didn't agree with the one in the back of the book. He was sure he'd done it the right way. Oh, well, if at first you don't succeed . . .

It was ten to eight. He'd been at it for over twenty minutes now. Well, that was the last question. He wondered if Tom knew about the football practice before school tomorrow.

Charles went to the phone and dialed his friend's number.

"Hello, Mrs. Stevens? This is Charlie. Is Tom in? He isn't? Yes, you could tell him there's a football practice tomorrow at eight-thirty. That's right. Oh, yes, we're all fine, thank you. No, I don't know whether Mom's going to the meeting tomorrow. Sure, I'll tell her to call you. Yes—yes. Good-bye, Mrs. Stevens.

Gosh, what a talkative woman! He'd better make a note to tell Mom about the phone call. Remember the last time he'd forgotten to let her know about a telephone message. He scribbled a note on a scrap of paper and propped it up by the phone where she'd be sure to see it.

He picked up a new magazine from the hall table and leafed idly through it. Hmph! Nothing but fashions! How Mother and Pegs could sit by the hour absorbed in such stuff was more than he could comprehend.

He wandered into the kitchen, rifled the cookie jar, and returned to the dining-room. His copy of "Henry V" lay on the top of the pile of books. He picked it up and thumbed distastefully through it. Where was he, anyway? It was such a long time since he'd read any.

He crossed into the living-room and sank deep into his father's favorite after-dinner chair. He leaned back, feet comfortably planted on a footstool, and, with a martyred air, prepared to give his full attention to the task at hand.

The clock chimed the quarter hour. Charles sighed and looked up. Nine fifteen. Good gravy! He'd been studying for practically two hours! Well, that was enough for any one evening. With a relieved sigh Charles reached out and switched on the radio.

—EDITH CLOSE, Room X-17.
Second Prize in Essay Contest.

New Neighbors

THE CONDUCTOR called Aylesbury as the next stop, and Mr. McTavish picked up his briefcase and adjusted his hat. He was a tired-looking man, with watery blue eyes, gold-rimmed spectacles and wisps of gray hair that protruded from beneath his gray fedora. His tweed suit was rumpled and sagged sadly at the knees. Mr. McTavish was going home, and he thought happily of the two weeks vacation that awaited him. He would spend those weeks puttering in the garden, the place he loved best.

The train chugged and sputtered into the station. Mr. MacTavish alighted. A smile of delight, as if in meeting an old friend, crossed his features, as he gazed upon the town. For three generations the McTavishes had been part of the Aylesbury population, and this generation was very proud of it.

He walked slowly down the main street, examining the displays in the shop windows and looking for a familiar face among the early shoppers. It was a beautiful morning, and Mr. McTavish's spirit seemed to lighten and sing along with the birds who perched in the shady trees that overhung the walk. In the residential district his pace quickened as he neared Wellington Street.

He knew Sara, his wife, would be ex-

LITERARY [Continued]

pecting him, as he had telegraphed her. Sara was a wonderful woman. She never complained and she never nagged. They had been married for twenty-seven years and he had never remembered anniversaries nor birthdays, yet Sara always seemed to understand.

Mr. McTavish rounded the corner and walked up Wellington Street. The sun was shining brightly, and seemed to lend a special glow to his home street. The houses were all set neatly back, with lawns and hedges that were spic and span, and flowers that blazed forth their brilliant colors. Mr. McTavish was especially proud of his own home of white stucco with quaintly designed shutters, its neat lawn, blossoming cherry trees and beautiful flowers. He always walked on the other side of the street to get a better look at it.

Next door to Mr. McTavish's home was another house exactly like it. Perhaps not as carefully kept, for it had been uninhabited for some time. New neighbours had been expected, but the house had been empty the last time that Mr. McTavish had been home.

As the little man came opposite his home, his glance strayed to the supposedly vacant house. It was then he caught his first glimpse of new neighbours. A plump lady with fading yellow locks was sweeping the walk. A hefty man was sitting in a rocker on the porch, reading the newspaper.

Mr. McTavish crossed and went into his own yard. He was met at the door by Sara, who fussed over him and exclaimed how tired he looked. He inquired about the new neighbours, and was told that their name was Mahoney, and that they had arrived a week ago from Willowbrook. He was also informed that his lawn mower, hose and rake had been borrowed a week ago. Mr. McTavish was not in the habit of lending his implements, and this did not exactly please him.

In the afternoon, he went to the shed and took out his trowel and gloves. He went to loosen the earth about the roots of his favorite Begonias. To his dismay the heads were gone! Yes, the blossoms of his most cherished flowers were gone. He called for Sara. He pointed to his flowers and stammered incoherently. Sara did her best to soothe him. She told him that Mr. Mahoney

kept rabbits, and the dear little things, after escaping from their hutches, had taken a fancy to the prize Begonias.

Mr. McTavish was seething. Flowers were not all; lettuce, cabbage, and the bark about one of the cherry trees had gone to make up the meal of these furry rodents. Gone were Mr. McTavish's ideas of friendship. He marched over to the Mahoney residence, determined to give them a piece of his mind. He pounded on the door, and the man he had seen earlier in the day filled the doorway. Mr. McTavish wasted no time nor words, and Mr. Mahoney, in defence of his pets, put up his fists. The tempers of both were up. They slowly advanced and circled to the back of the Mahoney house. There Mr. McTavish saw his lawn mower lying carelessly in the grass covered with an even coating of rust. Beside it lay the rake, and the hose was cut in an intricate pattern, made, no doubt, by sharp gnawing teeth. Mr. McTavish set up a howl of rage, and a hot argument followed, Mr. Mahoney waving his arms, and Mr. McTavish hopping up and down like a wet hen.

Sara watched from the window. She had never seen her husband so excited before. Remembering the doctor's precautions concerning her husband's blood pressure, she quickly ran to the phone. The doctor was out, so she called the police. In about fifteen minutes, the patrol car came and the two peace-disturbers were taken away.

In the morning Sara went to the jail where the two culprits were set free. They were indignant at first, but by the time they reached home, the ice was broken, and they agreed to bury the hatchet.

Today the excitement has all blown over, and Aylesbury has forgotten the incident. The Begonias have budded anew, and the large white doe has had a new litter of rabbits, but the good neighbour policy between the two steadfast friends has not faded. Let us hope that it never will.

—FRANCES SHASTKY, Room X-17.

Third Prize in Short Story Contest.

It . . .

IT HAD BEEN forcefully cast out of their lives. They had been trained to despise It. In their childhood they had watched It being ridiculed and

LITERARY [Continued]

had seen It burned in the streets. They had been taught to slander its name and to utterly disregard Its great message to the brotherhood of man. They had seen Its ministers, some of whom bravely spoke against these abuses wrongfully persecuted and imprisoned. They were Nazi youth.

They had been taught to give It an honored place in their homes and in their lives. It was sometimes well worn from long and devoted usage. In their childhood they had learned to pay It respect and reverence. They had listened to Its ministers openly speak of Its glowing message of hope and love. They spoke of the day when Its teachings will be in the hearts of man everywhere and of the day when all men will be brothers regardless of race, color or creed. They were Christian youth.

It was the Bible.

—JOHN TURNBULL, Room XI-4.
Third Prize in Essay Contest.

Annabelle

ANNABELLE was a very superior cat. Her very manner was that of a sophisticated aristocrat. Whether she was smoothing her glistening ebony fur, or reclining in my favorite after-dinner chair, she regarded me with a gleam of contempt and defiance. Well she knew that her only salvation was the wrath of my sister, her mistress, who believed that Annabelle could do no harm. This cat had developed a special knack of placing her tail or feet in the most convenient places for me to step on. I believe she did it on purpose just to see me become the victim of unjust accusations. I have weathered the storm for a month now but I wonder if I'll ever see the day when I can say that "Annie doesn't live here any more."

—JOE MARCHANT, Room X-17.

A Book

It takes the thought of great, wise brains,
The toil of men, sufferings and pains,
To make—A Book.
And poetry, the work of hours,
It takes the blooming of beautiful flowers,
The creations of God, the power of sight,

To give the writer the urge to write
A Book.

It takes the patience of carpenter's tools,
To build the homes, churches and schools,
About which writers try to express
Their feelings of longing or happiness;
And if anyone will stop to look,
They'll find it takes everyone to make
A Book.

The lone farmer ploughing the soil
May not know his hours of toil
Are seen by the ever-watchful eye,
Or just noticed by the passer-by,
Who gets the inspiration to compose
A description, in verse or prose,
That all goes, to make
A Book.

There are stories and there are poems
Of churches, trees, shrubs and homes.
Men of every occupation and race,
Each hold in a book an important place;
And even the fly, the bee, the snake,
Go together and help to make
A Book.

So, in a book, I'm sure you'll find
Thoughts of every manner and kind;
So, trace them back through the years
And find whose thought, or toil, or tears,
Or wisdom, or creation it took
To make things written of in
A Book.

—BEVERLEY GAYNER, Room IX-2.

The Three Little Fishes

One afternoon there were three little fishes,
They ate all their dinner then had to do
dishes,

They were done in a hurry and their results
were

The dishes they finished were done very
poor,

When supper time came their mother then
said,

That the dishes weren't done right and they
were sent to bed.

—PEANIE JAKES, Room VII-12.

LITERARY [Continued]

The judges considered the following three poems of equal merit. Therefore, they award them each a prize of equal value.

"Spring"

Spring is made of many things:
The first shy robin as it sings;
A purple crocus fresh and gay,
The caressing wind that greets the day.
The same soft dawn that breaks anew
Clothes April with a filmy hue.
A new-born lamb, all downy white,
The purple cloak that's cast by night.
Velvet earth 'neath upturned furrow,
A silvery streamlet bubbles down
An emerald slope to a 'wakening town.
An apple blossom petal pink;
A merry maid, her saucy wink,
Soft willows of a pearly hue,
Spring is here, her beauty, too.

—ROMA SYSAK, X-17.

"Snow"

Twirling, swirling, whitely whirling,
How the snow comes down!
Soft flakes hurling; slow unfurling,
Like a fairy's gown.

Sliding, riding, gently chiding
Snow in shining drifts;
Hiding, biding, slowly gliding,
Through the air it sifts.

Shyly clinging, swiftly flinging.
'Fore the north wind's blasts
Snow aringing, silver singing,
Love it while it lasts!

Fast the snow in triumph flies,
Fleeing on against the skies;
Mantling a sleeping earth,
Vanishing at sweet spring's birth.

—VERA JENNINGS, VIII-15.

"Wanderlust"

I'd like to be a sailor lad
And sail the world around;
To seek my fortune, good or bad,
In lands that are renowned.

The coral islands, bright and gay,
Australia below.
New Zealand next, and then a stay
In far North Borneo.

A stop at mighty Singapore
Where rubber trees abound.
Then, India is right next door,
A land with beauty crowned.

The spicy port of Zanzibar,
And Cape Town 'neath the mound,
The ever-shining Southern Star
The port that Diaz found.

The wild Atlantic, fond of storms,
The islands, wild and bare.
The lands that the equator warms,
West Indies—jewels rare.

And then the port of my last call
When I have crossed the foam,
The one that I love best of all,
That port will be my home.

—KENNETH CARLSTROM, XI-10.



If you in the morning throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up in the course of
the day.
You may hurry and scurry, and flurry and
worry,
You've lost them forever, forever and
Aye.

—Anonymous.

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Room X-3

Thirty-two very fine lads are we,
Full of joy and devilry.
Good at work, but better at forgetting,
Which some folks find very upsetting,
All in all, we're a happy crew,
We ski, we bowl, and belong to Red Cross, too.

BACK ROW—Vic Heaton, Don Buettner, Bill Blain, Ed, Court, Joe Miller, Ken Main, Bob Hutchings, Ray Hunt, Harry Ritchie, Myron Du Bick, Walter Meyer.

MIDDLE ROW—Vernon Banero, Randolph Rudek, Jim McTavish, Duncan Fordyce, Dale Patterson, Rowland Del Bigio, Bill Skryha, Leighton Barber, Ed Scrapneck, Earl Augustine, John Grabowsky.

FRONT ROW—Bill McKinna, Bob Austin, Frank Munro, George Skinner, Tom Enta, Ernie Kelunick, Dornie Lundman, Stanis Kolenda, Doreen Morison, Jim Pyper, Don Armson, Ronnie Fromson, Doug White.

MISSING—Ernie Adolph, Cliff Hamilton, Cecil Pockett.



Room X-8

Although we started out as a large class we have dwindled down to twenty-one. We did our bit in the Tea and Fair and our booth was quite successful. Under the guidance of our friend and teacher, Mr. Brown, class 10-8 has enjoyed a happy year.

BACK ROW—Bill Sesak, Harry Maughan, Norman Tait, Kay Bowness, Leonard Cann, Robert MacLaughlin, Blythe Bishop, Charlie Amor.

MIDDLE ROW—Marlene Hayes, Wilma Brown, Lucille Hodgson, Christine Maciurzynski, Edith Bundt, Jeanette Budzinski, Etsuko Fujita, Evelyn Rerie, Marjorie Mahood.

FRONT ROW—Elsie Diduck, Gladys Spidel, Lorraine Poole, Joan Malenfant, Gladys Peterson, Joan Pickering, Betty Faulley, Cleone Recksiedler, Irene Waslawski, Joan Robinson.



Room X-11

10-11 is a small room of 20 boys. There has been no social get-together or parties of any kind. A few boys make the senior football team and a few may make the senior baseball team. Right now the boys are getting ready for field day and despite our size we hope to pile up a goodly number of points.

BACK ROW—Stanley Gorce, Art Heubert, Bill Moyer, Jack Bownass, Earl Bauer, Bill Zyloway, Ramon Jacobson, Alfred Melnyk, John Belinski.

MIDDLE ROW—Eric Carlson, Mike Dzendzeluk, John Pleshko, Mike Evans, Archie Pritchard, Garry Bezte, Bill Petraschuk, Douglas Kendel, Steven Hnatyshyn, Floyd Rowe, Raymond Ridler.

FRONT ROW—Ralph Hughes, Alvin Marusyk, Kenneth Gluck, Roy Kowalski, Lloyd Speirs, Gerald Stople, Abe Elias, George Shook, Ted Nowicki, Raymond Barry.



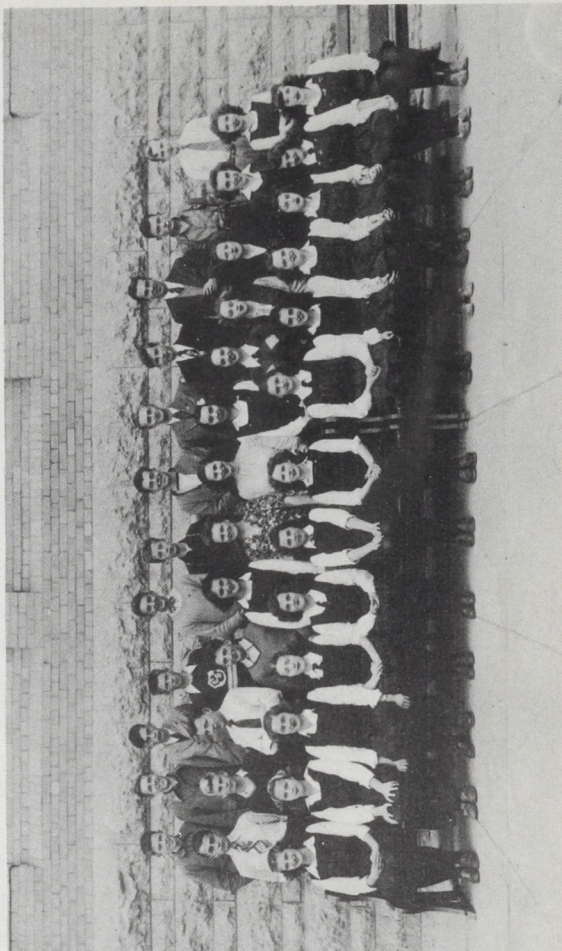
Room X-12

Our class is divided in several sections.
Our teacher is kindly in her affections,
We participate in different sports
Get such good marks on our reports?
We all did our part to help with the tea,
So we've had a swell year, as you can see.

BACK ROW—Hector Mackay, Stan Kucera, Alvin Ens, Bob Frater, Gordon Curtis, Rudolph Weger, Dave Roffey, Allen Pitt, Walter Maciurzynski, Walter Zalys, Ben Klassen, David King.

MIDDLE ROW—Joe Schell, Bill Hurley, Julius Kowalson, Bill Anhang, Ida Keeper, Miss Neithercut, Esther Swanke, Kay Haseck, Marion Potter, Joan Park, Arlene Mackie, Nellie Kosty, Joyce Roberts.

FRONT ROW—Jacqueline Seip, Lorraine Ronald, Bernice Eckstein, Ethel Bailey, Eileen Melvin, Pat Thatcher, Betty Smallwood, Helen Sek, Gladys Sliwany, Gladys Gross, Erna Mucignat, Irene Weatherston, Kay McMahon.



Grade Ten



BACK ROW—David Alexander, Ken Houston, Eddy Gaillard, Shirley Wood, Bernice Rodko, Maxine Dctoroff, Thelma Thimsen, Carol Burton, Christina Moore, Anne Yewusz, Gordon Baker, Joe Marchant, Bob Sumner.

MIDDLE ROW—Madeline Enns, Pat Enns, Irene Lubcsch, Betty Mitchell, Corinne Cann, Mary Reimer, Bernice Schick, Dolores Hudon, Marion Raven, Tania Babienko, Frances Shastky.

FRONT ROW—Jean Donald, Mary Seaquest, Pat Currie, Helen Brenenstul, Roma Sysak, Evelyn Hayward, Maureen Tresoor, Olga Lunick, Edith Close, May Shepley, Donald Barber, Donna Patterson, Eleanor Kenny, Maude McDonald.

Room X—17

Singing, volleyball and noise,
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Typing, bowling and debates!
Miss Thomson's going gray you see,
'Cause down the hall the noise will be—
10-17 !!

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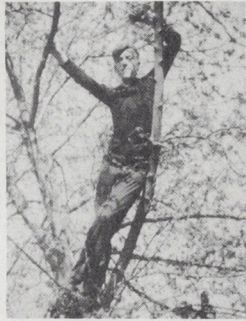
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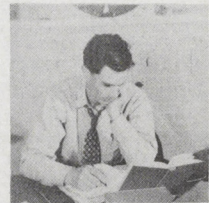
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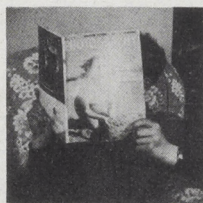
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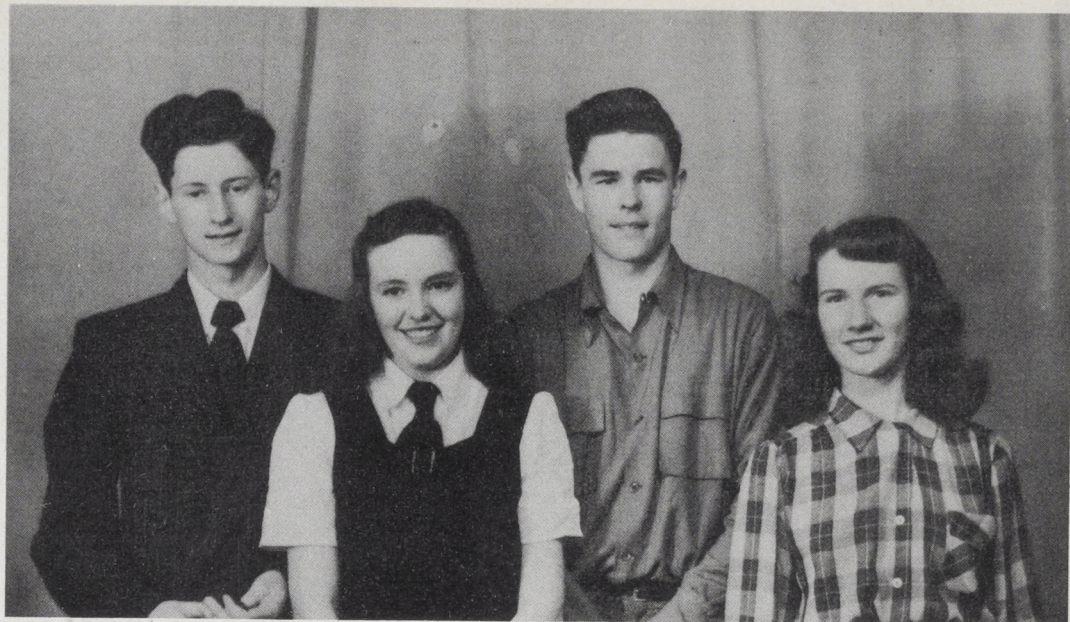
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Missing: BILL TURCHINETZ—Winnipeg School Board Scholarship.....	

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PHILIP EGER

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ETSUKO FUJITA *
DORINE LUNDMAN *
RANDOLPH RUDEK
HELEN BERNSTUL
SHIRLEY WOOD
KATHLEEN HASCEK
MAXINE DOCTOROFF
KENNETH MAIN
WILLIAM ANHANG
MAY SHEPLEY
STANIS KOLENDA

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DIANNE JOHNSON *
AUDREY VINEBERG *
MILDRED GROSS *

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BEVERLEY PARTRIDGE *
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* 85% or over



May Shepley, Margaret Morrow, Miss Baskerville, Eileen McNutt, Pat Currie.

Inter-School Christian Fellowship

THE INTER - SCHOOL Christian Fellowship is a group of young people that meets in our school once a week under the leadership of Miss Margaret Fish and Miss Kessna, assisted by Miss Baskerville, the school sponsor. The purpose of this group is "To know Christ and to make Him known." The regular meetings were spent in studying from the book "Adventuring," singing from the I.S.C.F. song book, and discussing problems of high school students. Besides our regular meetings, the group enjoyed the visit of Mr. Jim Rayburn and his quartette, and Mr. Craven, of Australia.

Our group meets students from all over the city at Junior Executive meetings, and at several social functions. The work of the I.S.C.F. has progressed very well and it is hoped that it will continue to do so.

—MAY SHEPLEY, X-17.



Bruce Young, Gerald Purdy, Alan Del Begio, Ken Main.

Hi-Y . . .

THE PAST YEAR has been a very successful one for the Lord Selkirk chapter of the Hi-Y. Under the leadership of Ralph Cook and the direction of our president, Alan Del Begio, we became one of the most active clubs in the city.

Every two weeks members were sent to the Hi-Y council meeting at the Y.M.C.A., and others helped in the direction of the Y.M.C.A. community groups. Four delegates went to a Hi-Y conference at Brandon in the middle of the season and later four others attended an International Conference held in the United States. A representative was sent to the 1946 session of the Boys' Parliament in December.

Other projects included taking community groups on toboggan parties and combining with the Tag-Y to hold dancing classes.

Four socials were held during the year and these were enjoyed by all.

STAFF NOTES

We all greatly regret that Miss Carter, for many years teacher of Art in our school, has been forced through ill health to give up her work for a while. We miss your cheery greeting and constant helpfulness, Miss Carter, so we hope you may soon be back among us.

We wish to congratulate two of our staff whose names appeared in the list of graduates of the University of Manitoba this year: Miss I. Smith, who received a B.A. degree, and Miss J. Miskolcy, a Bachelor of Education. We extend congratulations to a former teacher as well, Miss Florence Harris, who is receiving an M.A. degree.



Miss Baskerville, Eleanor Kershaw, Doreen Andrychuk, Bernice Del Begio, Edith Close, Donna Patterson, Miss Neithercut.

Tag-Y . . .

THE LORD SELKIRK Tag-Y has had an active and interesting year under the direction of Miss Harman of the Y.W.C.A., assisted by Miss Neithercut and Miss Baskerville.

After the club was organized in October we held a Candlelight Service at the Y.W.-C.A. and an initiation of new members. In December a very successful Christmas Co-ed Party was enjoyed.

The year's meetings have centred around the theme, "Good Grooming," and our club, in co-operation with the Hi-Y has sponsored dancing classes for non-dancers.

Doreen Andrychuk and Bernice Del Begio represented us at the Y.W.C.A. Regional Conference in Brandon.

The club members, approximately fifty-five in number, have all shown keen interest in the year's activities. The executive included:

President—Bernice Del Begio.

Vice-President—Donna Patterson.

Secretary—Edith Close.

Treasurer—Eleanor Kershaw

Council Rep.—Doreen Andrychuk

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PATROLS

BACK ROW—Ralph Heard, Desmond Kinley, Lionel Orlikow (Capt.), Jim Campbell, Jack Milne, Jim Smith, Lorne Harvey, Murray McCallan.

FRONT ROW—Barry Orchard, Raymond Mitanko, Jack Jenner, Ronald Korchynski, Frank Gladky (Capt. of Jr. Patrol), Raymond Mikulik, Joe Blaoki, Donald Butterworth.

MISSING—E. Galt, Donald Lindsay, Lionel Merrick.

THE SCHOOL PATROLS

This year, to overcome the difficulties of a combined Elementary, Junior and Senior High School, two patrols were formed—one for the Elementary School and one for the Junior and Senior High. This arrangement has worked out much more satisfactorily than one patrol for both the schools.

The patrols have rendered a great service to the school and community in general. They have faithfully performed their duties in a most efficient and co-operative manner. The pupils, on the other hand, have also co-operated much more than in the past. A healthy outlook for the patrol is anticipated for next year.

These boys are to be commended for the excellent service they have given and are a credit to our institution.

HOME ECONOMIC PRIZES

Each term the T. Eaton Co. donates a sum of money to the Grade XI girls Practical Arts class to be offered as prizes in a sewing competition.

This year Shirley Manns won first prize of ten dollars for her turquoise dress of wool jersey. Making a blue dress of Natura material, Virginia Prodanuck ran a close second and she received seven dollars for her excellent workmanship.

Kay Peters captured the third prize of three dollars for her abiity in making a dress of mauve wool.

Room IX-2

Our class of thirty-six minus three
Is a terror for ability.
But with the aid of our teachers, who are tops,
In June we hope there'll be no flops (?)

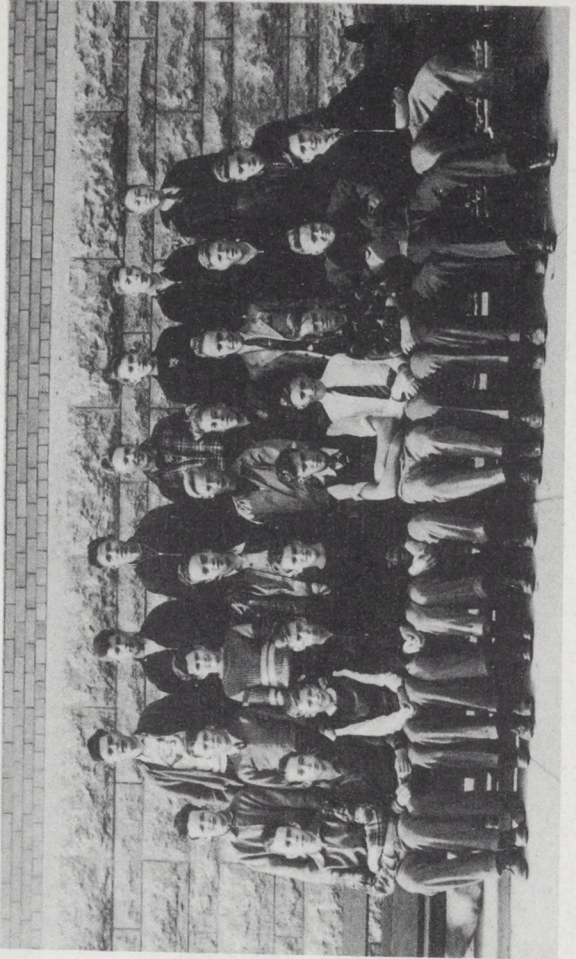
BACK ROW—Jon Jongsma, Roland Mansky, Gordon Neusitzer, Gordon Bernhardt, Eddie Tymchuk, Bob Cook, Roland Kullman, Arnold Olson, Mike Tymchuk, Gregory Bryans.
CENTRE ROW—Maurice Tresoor, Gordon Meyer, Ken Rentz, Bill de Wit, Henry Streib, George Zalkowski, Julian Popowich, Erwina Thimsen, Betty Officer, Beverley Gaynor, Doreen Millar.
FRONT ROW—Beverley McKillop, Frances Stevens, Doreen Blair, Viola Kroeker, Helen Wilms, Diana Crabtree, Pat Danchuk, Shirley Maytum, Pat Wright, Margaret Bottle, Beth Dawson, Margaret Adams.



Room IX-14

9-14 are all bachelors with the exception of Mr. Ursel. Our class takes a back seat to none. We have had several enjoyable class parties. We may be considered a bit too enthusiastic at times but we have our school's interests at heart.

BACK ROW—Ted Ermet, Ed Huebert, Leonard Gladky, Ed Polson, Fred Boslivitch, Bob Smallwood, Bob Peterson.
MIDDLE ROW—Bernard Shaw, Alex Dobrowski, Bill Laird, Orest Dubick, John de Jong, Jim Woodall, Ralph Heard, Bob Kowk, Jack McColi.
FRONT ROW—Dick Knott, Bob King, Walter Bumberger, George Pilbeam, Stan Ayres, Barton Crundwell, Ken McCulloch, Ken McColi, Charlie East, Walter Linkiewicz.
MISSING—Randy Gatzke, Allan Ulyyot, Fred Wilson, Glen Jacques.



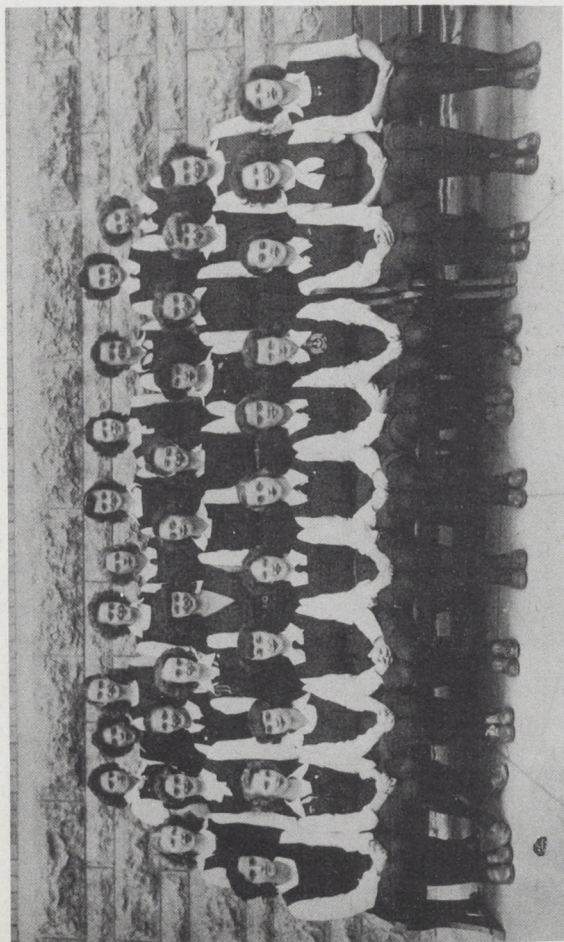
Grade Nine

Room IX-16

In room 9-16 are thirty-two girls. Some wear hair straight, many have curls. Several very clever, a few too lazy, Most quite normal; others "boy crazy"! At our social we had a grand fun! We thank our teachers—every one.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Lenore Streib, Joan Rerie, Marlene Kull, Dorothy Sime, Gladys Whitehead, Lorraine Bayne, Geraldine Prettie, Jean Lisoway, Marion Komarnicki, Pat Haarsma. MIDDLE ROW—Kathleen Smith, Dorothy Crighton, Tena Kurlan, Doreen Swanson, Josephine Litwin, Marion Priestly, Betty Adams, Pat Emerson, Muriel Thoburn, Bernice Gray, Anne Rawluk.

FRONT ROW—Alma Lother, Barbara Werbin, Eileen Tenoski, Alice Matwischuk, Caroline Ezimicki, Pat Duce, Eleanor Vogt, Mary Paterson, Lorraine Dietz, Marjorie vander Graaf, Adeline Balay.



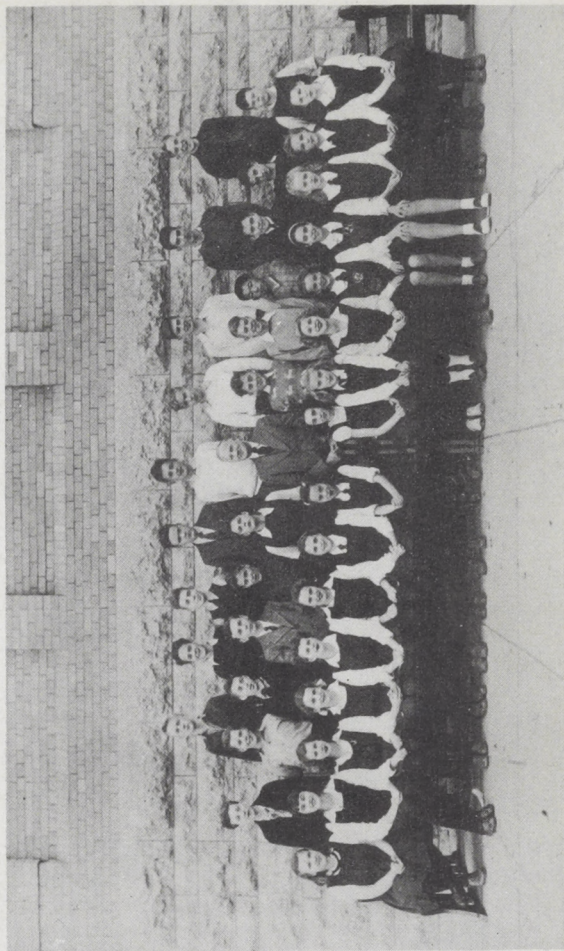
Room IX-18

With our motto "semper laboramus" 9-18 had a volleyball league at Glenwood School. Members in the patrol, soccer, baseball and volleyball teams. Top sales in Junior High at fair. Five class parties and a room crest. Active in council, also four teams in Grade 9 bowling league.

BACK ROW—Alfred Kuhnle, Clinton Colquhoun, Don Camphill, Jim Smith, Lionel Orlikow, Desmond Kinley, Maurice Cohen, Sheldon Ciaman, Malcolm Faddick.

MIDDLE ROW—Allan Perry, Glen Letham, Jim Campbell, Eddie Tomchuk, Ted Horne, Glen Murray, W. A. Lightbody, Edward Starr, Tom Waldon, Billy Umezuki, Ted Lyne, Lionel Merrick, Donald Smith.

FRONT ROW—Emily Kendall, Lois Gretchen, Pat Hodgins, Mildred Gross, Ruth Gerus, Marion Llewellyn, Audrey Vineberg, Dorothy Charman, Charlotte Blair, Jenny Grabowsky, Beverley Partidge, Sadie Baker, Mary Sim, Willene Johansson, Tecnie Hnatyshyn, Marjorie Cohen.





Back Row: Jim Lepinsky, Joe O'Sullivan, Rudolph Willms, Donald Quistberg, Douglas Hay, Richard Lanham, Donald Lindsay, David Johnston, Ronald Nicholls.
Middle Row: Jack Milne, John Robertson, Morley Yarmie, Adeline Balay, Bernice Hill, Emelia Dubick, Norma Shepley, Blanch McIntosh, Faye Ingram, Dianne Johnson, Robert Houston, Bob Kenick, Allen Slessor.
Front Row: Betty Morrow, Donna McClellan, Marilyn Gee, Jacqueline Robbie, Betty Millar, Marianne Conn, Marion McCoo, Barbara Laing, Hazel Carnegie, Helen Hosfield, Mary Ermet, Joyce Bush, Jean Tyczynski.

Grade Nine

Room IX-19

Here we are the nine-nineteens,
 Leading 9-18 in our bowling teams,
 Singing and parties we should mention,
 And dancing at the Teacher's Convention,
 To our executive let us give a cheer,
 For we've all had a very enjoyable year.

RED CROSS

It is a pleasure to report that twenty-eight classes belong to the Junior Red Cross. In November, grades nine to eleven joined forces to support a dance which netted fifty-three dollars. Room 16 (Grade VI) raised forty dollars. Some Senior High Students attended the Junior Red Cross luncheons at which various activities were discussed. Parcels were sent to needy families in Britain. Tin-foil and magazines were collected. Funds gathered amounted to about \$190.00, which does not include money spent on the food parcels. Other items donated were a quilt, an afghan and some knitted articles. Miss G. Matchett has been teacher-organizer. Assistants included Sara Rodberg, Corinne Cann and Eileen Melvin.



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S O C I A L

WITH THE arrival of September Lord Selkirk School once again undertook to plant the seeds of learning. These, watered with the distribution of books, brought such thoughts to mind as, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The confusion of the first few days being over and teachers convincing us that "tall oaks from little acorns grow," we settled down to a year of hard work. This accomplished and new acquaintances made, the time for class elections arrived from which arose our capable school council, presided over by our school president, Bruce Young.

Soon girls' volley ball and boys' soccer got under way arousing school spirit. Congrats! to the fighting spirit of the girls for succeeding to have the first step taken in making our auditorium into a gym.

Meanwhile the sprouting seeds showed signs of a drought with the appearance of October exams on the horizon. However, the seedlings quickly revived as strains of soft music floated over the school at the "Pum'kin Prom," the first school dance of the year.

November and Remembrance Day. The students made a distinguished showing as they marched to King Memorial Church to pay their respects to those fallen in action that we might have a better way of life. H/Capt. T. Saunders addressed the student body at this time.

As the month advanced the students looked forward to the "Red Cross Ramble," a dance held in aid of this worthy organization and which proved to be a very successful event.

However, with December just around the corner, the specimens showed signs of shrivelling as they advanced to the time for December exams. But after two weeks of straining and cramming the "long needed" Christmas holidays arrived and the young sprouts regained their vigor.

The students resumed their school year full of vim and enthusiasm as the New Year dawned. The month of January proved to be full of many interesting programs. The student body found a talk given by Mr. J. Craven, under the auspices of the I.S.C.F., very informative as well as entertaining. All also appreciated a number of moving pictures on "Preservation of Canadian Forests" shown to them by Mr. A. Beavin.

During the month would-be dancers and non-dancers had the opportunity of receiving lessons in the art of "tripping the light fantastic" through the efforts of the Tag-Y and Hi-Y Clubs. These lessons, which proved to be both popular and helpful, continued for several weeks. These resulted in having an overwhelming crowd at our third dance, the "Jan Session."

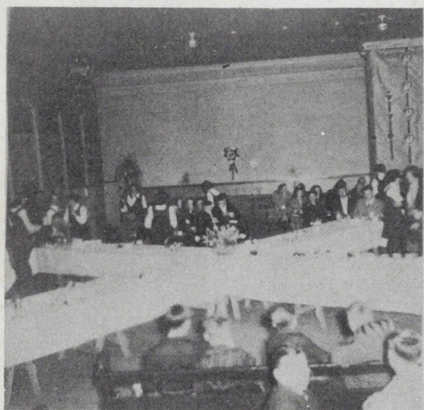
February, one of the most outstanding months of L.S.H.S.'s history, included such noted events as an address given by Dean McEwen of the U. of M. on "Red River Settlements," and a student debate in which 'les jolies petites filles etaient les vainqueuses'. Toward the end of the month preparations for the school tea and fair reached their peak and, to add to the excitement, painters and plasterers, with paint and trowel, arrived to renovate the halls and rooms of the school.

With Spring in the air and thoughts turning to . . . Easter exams (joke?), the student body once again tried to settle down and prepare for one of the most important post mortems of the year. To prevent any disaster which could have been caused to the budding plants by writing exams in classrooms which had a suffocating smell of paint, grade nine classes were slightly disrupted as grade tens and elevens moved in. However, with the long, tedious task over, books and school work were put away for a week of "recuperation." Results of the post mortem proved that "many a wreck is caused by an empty train of thought."



As the school year draws to a close, and the flowers begin to bloom, the graduates look forward with great anticipation to their greatest event of the year—Graduation Day. The graduates' banquet will be held on May 16th followed by a dance at the school. Recognition Day will take place on June 13th, preceding the final dance of the year for the seniors and their friends.

At this time our best wishes go out to the graduating class of '47 with our highest hopes that they will succeed in future life. We also would like to express our appreciation to the dance committee and our school president for the hard work they have done in order to make our school year a successful and happy one.



Social Tea and Fair

THE GENERAL hum usually heard about classrooms heightened to a momentous tumult as the day for the greatest event of the school year arrived—our school tea and fair.

On the morning of February 20 the auditorium turned into a gaily decorated tea-room while classrooms were converted into numerous booths displaying many interesting articles for sale.

At various intervals during the tea the school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Larder, rendered a number of musical selections. These were greatly appreciated by all.

The support of the community and the great school spirit and co-operation shown by both teachers and students in the undertaking resulted in the school scoring another great success in its history.

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Grade Eight

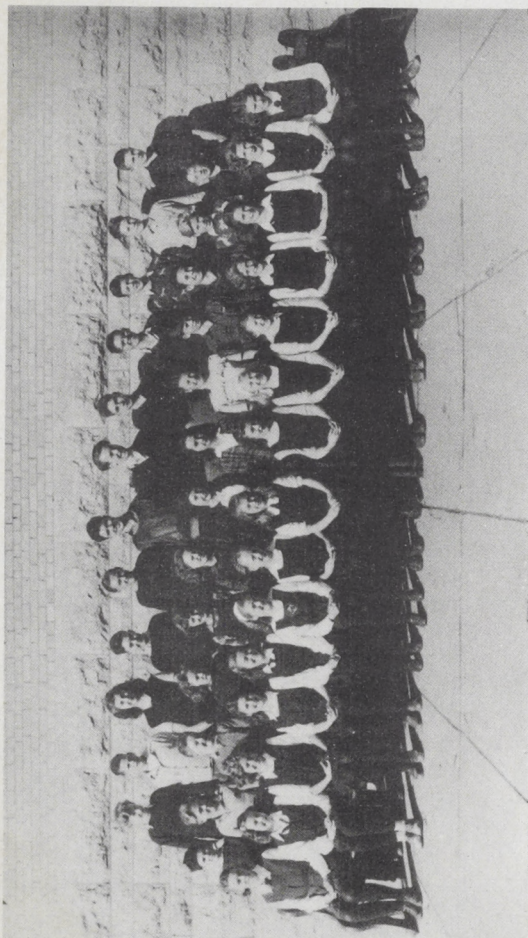
Room VIII-1

Class VIII-1 has enjoyed a profitable year under the guidance of Mr. Morris. What with parties, ticket sales for fairs, and shadow plays, we have participated 100%. From the French Choir to the Musical Festival was our one big delight.

BACK ROW—Albert Rudy, Robert Goodall, Joyce Braye, Murray MacCallum, Allan McIntosh, Glen Main, Dick Korfman, Lorne Harvey, Albert Casovan, George Fellowes, Gilbert Eby, Arthur Topham.

MIDDLE ROW—Roy Pypet, Lorne Weatherston, Peter Harrop, Marilyn Shook, Jean Peckover, Betty Moore, Irene King, Patsy Gair, Marion Turk, Charles Kuz, Roddy Sisler, Bill Sneesby, Doug Smith.

FRONT ROW—Sally Evans, Lorna Fingler, Victoria Skryha, Jean Rau, Shirley Welch, Marian Pearson, Marilyn McMillan, Mable Hurley, Ruth McLachlan, Frances Mainier, Margaret Swan, Noreen Pernsteiner, Ruth Laubenstein, Joyce Woodward, Muriel Calder.



Room VIII-14

BACK ROW—Bryce Llewellyn, Bill Jenkins, James Kirkhope, Bill Swanke, Don Sinclair, Barry Ball, Bill Segal, Arnold Tranto, Jack Ingram, Dick Glass, Eddie Keach, Bill De Vries.

MIDDLE ROW—Gordon Klayh, Arthur Pearson, George Black, Bill Hambleton, George Burkitt, John Wagner, Pat McMahon, Ken Magnusson, Ralph Bennet, Stanley Smyth, Walter Sango.

FRONT ROW—Bill Reid, Leslie Evans, Harvey Singbeil, Clive Peterson, James Willoughby, Ken Rogers, John Almdal, Don McColl, David Loewen, Charles Holgate.

Grade Eight

Room VIII-15 No. 1

Our class is quite small,
But we don't mind at all.
We're a strictly female institution—
Boys are too hard on our constitution.
We're not glamorous nor smart,
But we all do our part.

BACK ROW—Jean Smith, Elsa Janzen, Rosaline Borys, Shirley Mitchell, Dorothy Carlstrom, Barbara MacMillan, Pat Miller, Pat Regan.

MIDDLE ROW—Joan Dawson, Esther Matthes, Joyce Palmer, Helen Beriault, Joyce Swanke, Lorraine Kibbins.

FRONT ROW—Grace Nielson, Lyuba Waluk, Joan Gugulyan, Edna Day, Doreen McIntosh, Jean Young, Norma Pannell, Herta Friesen.



Room VIII-15 No. 2

8-15 is always going, and our busy fingers fly,—

All the girls on quilts a' sewing,—

Marks to make that should be high!

Boys are busy pasting scrap-books,—

Thinking up some brand-new plays.

With Miss Carter we'll remember

This term full of golden days.

BACK ROW—Ronald Orchard, David Malchy, Robert Kelunick, Bill Kershaw, Lawrence Mikulik, Peter Walligura, Arthur Klassen, Lawrence Matrick, Bob Wall, Lewis Moore.

MIDDLE ROW—Arlin Disselkoen, Donald Nash, Robert Vinet, Jimmy Shepherd, 9ddie Broski, Carlu Carter, Donna Yeo, Pean-ette Studney, Anne Henderson, Patsy Mackay, Jean Wallis, Dawn Brown, Mary-Lou McLean.

FRONT ROW—Jean Lumsden, Shirley Pitt, Ellen Alexander, Mary Craig, Helen Strauski, Joy Shibou, Connie Shindale, Vera Jennings, Bertha Younka, Irene Bumberger, Arline Robertson, Dorothy Schacht, Louise Hugli, Elizabeth Steen.



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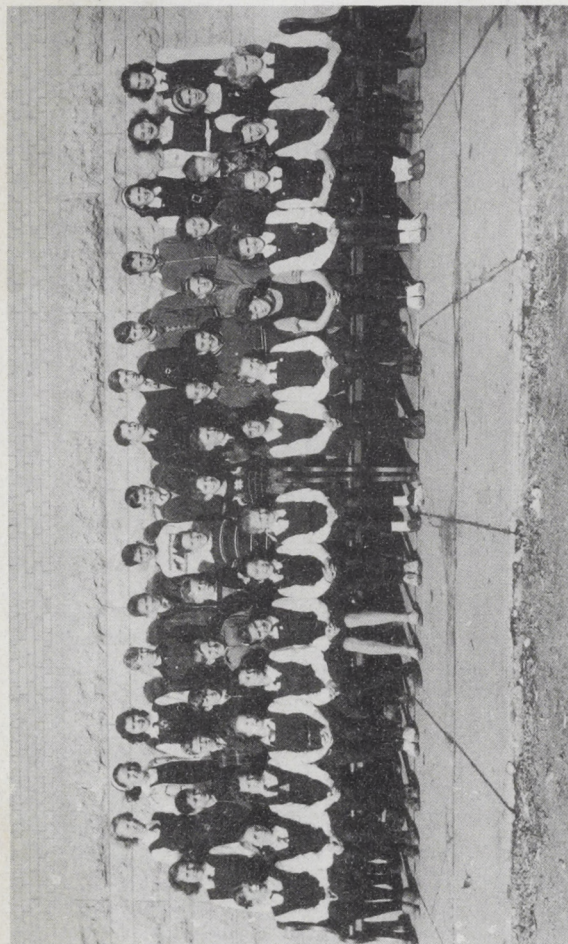
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Room VII-10



Our room has been very active. We have entered in all school activities. The boys won the inter-room soccer championship. We operated three booths at the School Tea. We are looking forward to a class party next month. All our students have enjoyed immensely their year in 7-10.

BACK ROW—Verna Whitely, Glenda Massey, Joyce Sherman, Arlen Gustafson, Stanley Kulaczowski, Bill Cann, Jack Tait, Harry Bushby, Bill Schultz, Grant Del Bigio, Peter Zosiuk, Constance Phillips, Tannis Koontz, Yvonne Stinson.

MIDDLE ROW—Elsie Pobereznik, Bernard Lee, Fred Kouk, Ian McGonigal, Stanley Reid, Donald Shook, Gordon Chem, Teddy Kisil, Harold Heichert, John Schell, Leslie Wray, Arthur Shier, Bernard Spidel, Glenn Olson, Sheila McColgan.

FRONT ROW—Bertha Obirek, Angela Brunka, Sheila Moore, Helen Scarsbrook, Rhoda Serebrin, Zelma Kelunick, Marjorie Umezuki, Mildred Popowich, Sheila Serebrin, Joyce Shack, Marita Mackie, Maryanne Eger, Gertrude De Witt, Norma Proctor, Joan Taylor.

Room VII-11

We had an enjoyable year in Mr. William's class. Miss Newell and Mr. Williams helped us produce two plays. The proceeds went to the Red Cross.

Miss Thomson took the girls into the festival, and also some of the boys in the S.A.B. choir.

BACK ROW—Jack Hayes, Jim Bradie, David Norrie, Alvin Hook, Donald Grant, Eric Lessman, Jim Cumming, David Snyder, Lawrence Haberman, Roland Horn, Frank Slim, William Sallstrom.

MIDDLE ROW—Brenda Pfeifer, Jean Park, Edwina Nevis, Mary Livingston, Pat Webster, Joyce Seaman, Gertrude Krebs, Joy Fyfe, Helen Daman, Doreen Adolph, Beverley Partrick, Sheila Portigal, Rosemary Axford.

FRONT ROW—Doreen Denich, Colleen Bird, Kenneth Foster, Gordon Horner, Charles Lawrence, Robert Etherington, Allan Priestley, Gordon Wiseman, Russell Locke, Dick Coulter, Lyall Robertson, George Patterson, Eleanor Rentz, Maureen Rogowski.



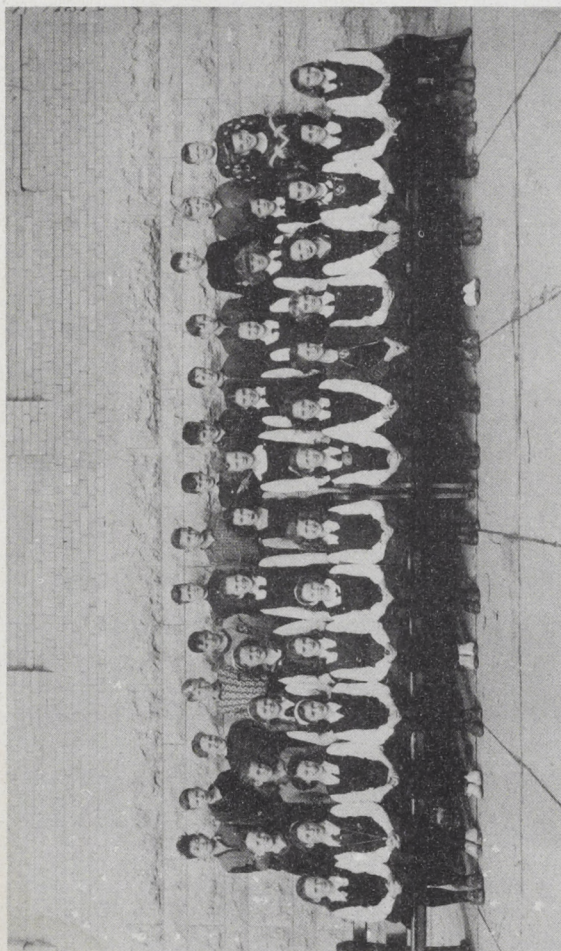
Grade Seven

Room VII-12

BACK ROW — Bobby Umezuki, George Burns, Ian Carnegie, Billy Zboroluk, Donald Lucky, Edward McLaughlin, Harry Heubert, Nick Fast, Arthur Lysionok, Robert Haddad, Ramon Burron, Bill Alexander, Lawrence Salter, Ken Lawson.

MIDDLE ROW—Alan Bews, Peanie Jaques, Shirley Wichert, Florence Ronald, Eleanor Tomchuk, Barbara Roffey, Linda Carlson, Carol Malenfant, Christine Tzyzinski, Pat Tenoski, Rosemary Holyk, Douglas Dart.

FRONT ROW—Pat Taylor, Jeanette Popp, Doreen Gibson, Sonja Matwichuk, Shirley Meyers, Ruth McIntosh, Edith Birch, Violet Hnatyshyn, Kay Pepper, Verna Scanes, Doreen Hoyle, Olga Dubesky, Shirley Baylis, Margaret Beriault, June Kendall.



Room VII-13

BACK ROW—Nestor Lesyk, David Burnett, Joe Adams, Jim Kendrick, Alec Sango, Roy Walls, Gary Shillington, Herbert Stephen, Kenneth Greenhaigh.

MIDDLE ROW—Dennis Herring, Jim Durshel, Fred Wilson, Eddie Heichert, Lorne Day, Ken Mainer, Ted Jordon.

FRONT ROW—Alan Tabbemor, Norman Wichert, Keith Nicol, Willfred Lesyshyn, Jim Duff, George Jering, Bob Reid, Bill Holyk, Jerry Hamata.

MISSING—George Mitchell, Barry Ball, Edwin Tabbemor, Barrie Spidel.

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GRADE XI SCHOOL LEAGUE



GRADE XI INTER-ROOM CHAMPS

• VOLLEYBALL •

No place to practice! That was Lord Selkirk's trouble. But even so, both Grade Ten and Eleven entered teams in the Inter High Series. We are grateful for the use of Glenwood School for practices and games and to Miss Riley for the time she spent with the teams. After the Aud. had been equipped for playing volleyball Miss Riley resumed the Inter Room Series. Grades nine, ten and eleven competed. The experience and practice of the Grade Elevens finally won out when Room XI-13 defeated Room X-17 in a hard fought final game.

• CURLING •

The two teams Lord Selkirk entered into the High School Bonspiel were composed of Dick Bird, Vic Heaton, Keith Gray, Bobby Peterson, Gerald Cherry, Bill McKinna, John Turnbull and Keith Nichol. While Victor Heaton's rink reached the 16's of the Free Press, Cherry's rink advanced to the eights of the Calhoun.

• SWIMMING •

We tried anyway! In spite of the **one** point, Pat Currie, Joan Vergonet, Shirley Pike and Helen Hosfield, did their best and we are grateful to Mr. Brown for his work in organizing the teams.

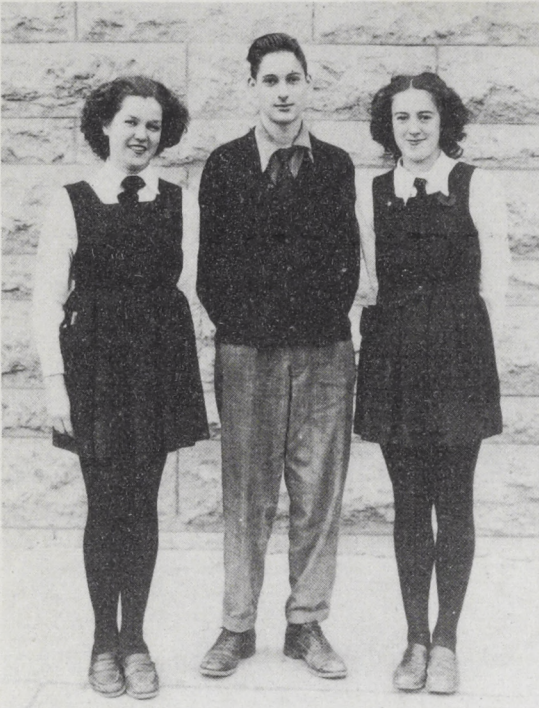


• BOWLING •

Lord Selkirk's High School students bowled every Wednesday at the M.A.C. alleys. Everyone had a lot of fun and there were many good scores. „No one beat "Swede's" 38). Viola Shook was the highest girl from the very beginning, but the boys' contest was much closer. Dick Bird finally won with an average of 174. Bill Mackie and his team-mates: Bill Tresoor, Zeny Kulaczowski, Kathryn Peters and Tania Babienko took the league championship by defeating Mary Robb's team by seven points.

TEN PIN BOWLING

The Winnipeg Electric Company sponsored our teams in the Bowling League. One of our four teams finished in fifth place. Nice going, boys. The teams were made up of Dick Bird, Ed Cantor, John Turnbull, Vic Heaton, Bill McKinna, Gerald Forsberg, Frank Munroe, Ed Shearer, Bill Tresoor, Bill Mackie, Gordon Fingler, "Mick" Del Begio, Ed Scrapnek, Henry Newfeld, Bill Machilinsky.



BOWLING COMMITTEE



SENIOR JUNIOR HIGH SOCCER

JUNIOR SOCCER

Lord Selkirk entered teams in every division in the Junior Soccer Series. Congratulations are in order for the Juvenile team who captured the North Winnipeg title by defeating Aberdeen. The Seniors were one point short of winning the same title in their division. The final standings were: Midgets—2 points, Juveniles—6 points, Juniors—5 points. Seniors—7 points.

JUVENILE SOCCER



JUNIOR SOCCER





SPEED SKATERS

SPEED SKATING

Mr. Bothe and Miss Riley spent a great deal of time with our entries, but again the problem was a place to practice. Our teams did quite well in the High School Series. Lord Selkirk entered Evelyn Hayward, Maureen Tresoor, Marion Potter, Irene Rimberg and Bernice Hill.

SENIOR HIGH SOCCER

The Senior Team tried hard all through the season and though they were far from the top of the league (most of their losses were scores like 2-1, 3-2). The fellows were "in there kicking" all the time. Ah well, better luck next season, fellows.



SENIOR HIGH FOOTBALL



SKIERS

The skiers enjoyed a very good day at the Puffin Ski Club on Feb. 22nd when they participated in the Inter-High Ski and Snowshoe Meet. All contestants showed a real interest and although they did not place, they made a good showing in spite of very keen competition.

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• A L U M N I •

We know L. S. former students like to know the whereabouts of their school-mates. Here are a few of the many that we might mention were space available:

BILL BERRY, after obtaining his degree in Engineering from the U. of M. is now taking Post Graduate work in Irrigation and Hydraulics in the Massachusetts' Institute of Technology. There he comes in contact with students from all over the world—a great experience.

JANE BERRY, a graduate in Home Economics, has been a dietitian in Hudson's Bay since her graduation. She is now in charge of the Hostess Shcp. Let's call on Jane for assistance in party planning.

PEGGY BRAGG is doing a grand job in training the young of our city—teaching in Argyle School. We know her sense of humor will take her a long way in smoothing out the rough places.

ARTHUR BAKER is graduating from Queen's University in Mechanical Engineering. Art has been much sought after by business executives. He is now Development Engineer in the Cellophane Division of the C.I.L. at Shawinigan Falls. We shall expect to hear more news of you, Arthur.

MARGERY DOUGLAS, a graduate of St. John's College, has taken a course in Social Science. A fine job can be done in that field, Margery.

ERIC FACHE has just completed Third Year Science. He says he fears it has finished him but, We're "pulling for you," Eric! Lots of success.

ANDY HALL graduated in Science from U. of M. in 1944, now does professional photography. Can you make us look better than usual, Andy?

BAIRD JANES has had a successful scholastic career, capturing the Governor General's Medal in Grade XII, a scholarship in second year Medicine and now is a full-fledged doctor, ministering to the sick in the Steinbach district. The country needs many like you, Baird.

JOAN MIDWINTER a graduate in Home Economics from U. of M. in 1946, is teaching Home Ec. in the Junior-Senior High School in Ladner, B.C. Canada can use many such fine young ladies to train its girls in the art of home making.

DONALD McLAREN went on to United College but we are sorry that he has been forced to rest for a while. Write to him at St. Boniface Sanatorium, folks. He'll be delighted to hear from you.

ALICE NAKAUCHI, a brilliant pianist, went on in her study of music, received her A.M.M. degree in 1945, and is now a successful music teacher. We haven't forgotten your help in our school music, Alice.

GEORGE AND BILL SISLER are doing well. George, a graduate in Medicine this year, is the resident doctor in the Psychopathic Ward of the Winnipeg General Hospital. We hope we shall not need his services, but we are sure he'll be a blessing to many who do. Bill, an agriculture graduate, while employed at the University of

Manitoba is working for his Master of Science degree. Success, Bill!

MARYANN WALDON a graduate of '46 from L.S.H.S. is trying her wings in the teaching field at Norway House, where she has twenty-one pupils in grades VII to XI. Unfortunately she has had to undergo an appendectomy recently but will soon be back on the job. One thing she has learned—she likes teaching—so plans to complete her University course and then join the ranks of the pedagogues. Fine, Maryann.

THEODORE WILKIE, a 1947 graduate in Arts has done some outstanding work in writing articles on psychology, and has edited the Science Faculty Magazine. We saw that coming, away back in L.S.H.S. days, Theo.

JERRY VICKERS has made a wonderful comeback to health and is vitally interested in his University Course. Best of success, Jerry.

MARJORIE MULLINS has made a fine record thus far in her University science course, having obtained the Isbister scholarship each year. Marjorie plans to go on to take Post Graduate work to prepare herself for a position as Medical Laboratory Technician.

JOHN OSLAND has taken special training and has been employed in Clarke and Leatherdale's Funeral Home for some time. Your pleasing personality must be a real help to people, John.

RITCHIE WARD at McGill, is passing two milestones this month—he is graduating in Engineering and is marrying a little lady from Nova Scotia. Congratulations, Ritchie.

BETTY JEAN SHAND, a graduate nurse, is now a Supervisor in the General Hospital. Good work, Betty Jean.

DAVID ORLIKOW represents our district on the School Board. We are glad to be so well represented.

The results of the graduates of U. of M., published as this article goes to press, reveal much regarding other boys and girls of L.S. These degrees are being conferred: Electrical Engineering, Edward Malmgren; Bachelor of Science in Engineering, Edward Lundman, Henry Williams; Bachelor of Science, Iris Reid; Doctor of Medicine, Ian Shand; Pharmacy, Jennifer Baran. We congratulate Jennie, too, on receiving the Manitoba Guild of Pharmacists' Prize and the Council of Manitoba Pharmaceutical Association Silver Medal. Elva Waldon is receiving an A.M.M. degree. Congratulations to all. We are proud of you.

We must not forget those who found their life-mates within the walls of our school. Among those who have married are Joe Smith and Jean Forgie, Robert Mackay and Ruth Yule, Tom Bedwell and Irene Marquell, Bob Locke and Isabelle Campbell, Gordon Tait and Joan Falls, Walter Stanger and Audrey Nash, Allan Taylor and Mary Tomlinson, John McLeod and Shirley Luce, Ian Thompson and Audrey Wood, John McLean and Margaret Wood, Norman McLean

(Continued on page 68)



ELEMENTARY SOCCER

FRONT ROW—Joc Blasky, Henry Chura, Douglas Smallwood, Raymond Mikulik, Norman Channing, Ecnald Butterworth.

BACK ROW—Raymond Mitenko, Jack Jenner, Russell Watson, Clarke Hicks, George Craig.

ELEMENTARY

RED CROSS

LADY READING

Room 1—Collected silver paper—Donated \$1.50 to Red Cross.

Room 2—Collected silver paper—Donated \$1.00 to Red Cross.

Room 4—Collected 4 bags of silver paper—Donated \$1.00 to Red Cross, \$1.17 to Poppy Fund, \$2.18 to Lady Reading Fund.

Room 6—Donated afghan to Red Cross—Sent two parcels to England.

Room 8—Donated \$1.75 to Red Cross, \$1.35 to Lady Reading Fund.

Room 9—Knitted afghan—Donated \$37.00 to Red Cross, \$5.75 to Lady Reading Fund.

Room 16—Donated \$42.15 to Red Cross, \$1.35 to Poppy Fund—Collected silver paper.

Room 18—Donated \$1.00 to Red Cross—Sent parcels to Holland, Scotland, England and Poland—Collected magazines and silver paper.

Many pupils in the Elementary enjoy writing to pen pals in foreign countries.

The Fairies

I saw a little fairy
Sitting on a tree,
And she was very lovely,—
As pretty as could be.

She was dressed in red,
Her robe was soft and long,
But horrors! Oh, horrors!
She had no wings on!

About her were the goblins,
Clothed in brown and green,
Gathered all about
Their lovely fairy queen.

All about were fairy maids,
Robed in every hue,
Not one had wings on,
And, yet—they flew!

Every time a breeze blew
They leaped into the air,
Riding on the wind's back
Darting here and there.

For they were only autumn leaves
Clustered on a tree;—
Yet every one was happy,
As happy as could be!

—VERA JENNINGS, Room VIII-15.

Winter nights are mysterious and bewitching, shrouding everything in mystery. Each little sparkling snowflake lies tranquil under the cold, silent, silvery moon. They lie there in brilliance until April has put winter to bed. They lie in slumber only to return again, dancing down from the heavens, when King Winter regains his throne.

—ERMA MUCIGNAT, Room X-12.

The Proposal

AS JOLLY OLD Mr. Rudolph Schnicutt turned the corner, he could see, half a block down, the spacious old house, surrounded by the carefully tended grounds, belonging to his beloved Katrinka Padlowskivich. While sedately walking the remaining distance, he thought to himself, "Ach, maybe it would be time I should be tinkling of marriage. Katrinka would make a good wife. Money she has plenty (left by her last husband), a house vitch needs no fixing, an efen temper and she can make stroodles just like Mama, bless her soul!" A few tears rolled down his plump cheeks and got caught in his mustache at the very thought of Mama . . . "But," he continued, "would she want to marry again, espetchilly to me?" As he went slowly up the steps he continued to mutter to himself.

Meanwhile Katrinka had been thinking of the same thing, for neither of them was getting any younger or better-looking, she argued. But this was not the 'Old Country,' where the father could arrange the details, after some hinting. Here in the "Land of Privilege" you let a foolish man decide. Still, what was easier to trap a man than by using a bait, namely, food, and a superior feeling. So, when Rudolph came for Sunday dinner, Katrinka was prepared to try her luck.

They went into the parlour for their usual Sunday game of chess. The unusual part came, when, due to circumstances under control, Rudolph won. After the game they sat down to listen to the radio, until it was time for dinner. Katrinka was more attentive than usual, for, after seating Mr. Schnicutt in the softest chair, she brought forth his favorite beverage, "Napoleon's Brandy." If Rudolph had not thought of marriage before he surely would have then. When he was feeling a wee bit mellow,

Winter's White Wonder

THE ENCHANTING white snow falls softly and silently, sparkling like millions of tiny diamonds, drawing its soft blanket over the countryside, bathing the earth in a white magical splendour. Where before there had been no hint of beauty, there were now great blankets of this velvety substance, veiling all the bleakness and emptiness that was before. The trees, shedding their summer apparel, don their flowing white garments and become the stately subjects of King Winter.

This soft blanket provides shelter for the little creatures bedded under the snow, and protects the little plants under the earth until Lady Summer claims them for her own.

Each little snowflake, like messengers from Heaven, sculptured by the skilful hand of Mother Nature, surpasses by far the work of the most famous of sculptors on our earth.

Katrinka decided on her next move, dinner.

Katrinka began dinner with caesele and ended with the favorite—schtrudel. Rudolph had not had such variety of German food since his Mama passed away. Having within his limits all he could contain, he was contented to relax and talk.

"Ach, Katrinka! If but I could have you gife me such vunderful food efery Sunday I vould be in Hefen. Such kuhoos, id was so ligd I thought it vould rice up und go! Katrinka, thinking a little headway was made, answered blushinglly:

"Gowan Rudolphie, such foolizh zaying. I vouldn't doubt iff you zaid dot to efry girrl who gifz you zomting to eat!"

"Katrinka, you knows I know no odder girl, I like as much as you. For not only haff you mon . . . I mean charms, but you can cook like a anchel. Vhat more could a man vant?"

"Yeh, yeh, vhat else, Rudolphie? prompt-ed Katrinka, for she had nearly reached her objective. In her eagerness, she portrayed a very attractive picture in the eyes of Rudolph. She was rather small and plump, and her black hair was braided quaintly around her head. The excitement had put red roses in her cheeks, and her eyes had a strange glow.

"Katrinka, my dear, ve—ve—haff knowd each other a long time, and I haff growed very fond of you. Vould I have a chance if I asked you to marry . . ."

"Why, Rudolphie, it iz zuch a zurprize. I never dreamed you taught of zuch tings. Of course I vill marry you! She rushed over to Rudolphie, who had nearly burst with joy at the answer. To herself Katrinka thought, "I only hope he vill last longer than the lazt vun!"

—ANNE YEWUSZ, X-17.

My Little Wooden Shoes

I have a pair of wooden shoes
From Holland, far away;
They are painted red and white and
blue

To make them bright and gay.

They seem to tell a story
Of those people over there,
Who have such different customs
And such lovely yellow hair.

They tell about the peasants,
And the tulips which they grow,
About their neat and tidy wives
Whom I should like to know.

They tell about their children,
Of that land so far away,
Who wear their little wooden shoes
To go to school each day.

These little shoes tell many things;
Some sad, and others gay;
But most of all, they tell me
Holland's where I'll go some day.

—JUNE HORNE, Room XI-13.

* * *

"THE JOKER"

It had been a very dull physics period, indeed, that Mr. Grusz had been conducting with XI-4. Archimedes' principle just didn't seem to "sink in." In desperation, the maestro had finally asked the class, "Well, what does happen when a body is immersed in water?"

Was there any answer? Yes, for a voice from the back of the room quickly retorted, "The telephone rings!!"

—DOUG. TESCH, XI-4.

Home and School Association

The Lord Selkirk Home and School Association wishes to congratulate the 1947 Graduating class and wish for them all a pleasant and successful life of service and endeavor.

The Association has enjoyed a very profitable and pleasant season among its members.

Our sincere thanks go to all those who participated in our programs which in no small measure were profitable and enjoyable to all.

An invitation is heartily extended to all those parents and teachers not already members to join the association and help fulfil the aims of the "Home and School."

H. M. ORCHARD, President.

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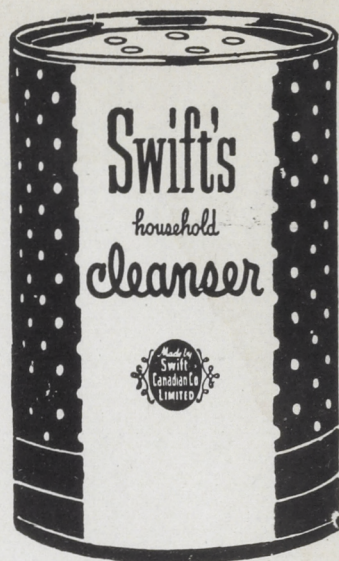
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ALUMNI—(Continued from page 62)
and Eileen Thorne. We wish you all much happiness.

At St. John's some of our students have been outstanding: Last year Ross Henderson not only was one of the finest students but did an excellent job as Editor of *The Torch*. We congratulate Jack Seaman, a graduate of L.S. in 1946, on being chosen Valedictorian at St. John's this year. Others of our students have done fine work there.

RAE OTSUKI—A recent letter from Rae, who returned to Japan in May, 1946, brings news that she is apparently working on the switchboard in an American army camp. She says that the authorities try to make it as nice for them as possible, but she is lonely for Canada and wishes to be back. She'd greatly like to hear

from you. Get her address from the school office.

GERALD ALEXANDER. We quote from a letter just received from Mr. Halstead of United College: "You and your staff will be glad to know that a former student of your school, Gerald Morton Alexander, has distinguished himself and brought honor to Lord Selkirk School in his work and activities in Grade XII at United College during the past year.

"Gerald has been an excellent student and will be recognized at our Graduation for obtaining the highest marks in his class of Grade XII for the year. He is also the editor of our year-book and in that capacity has done an excellent piece of work. We are very proud of him in every respect."

We of Lord Selkirk are proud, too, Gerry. Congratulations!



SCHOOL SONG

(Tune—Brahms' C Minor Symphony)

All hail to Lord Selkirk, the school of our loyalty!
We'll keep through the future the love that we bear for thee.
We'll strive for the Right and seek for the Truth
With Courage to stand alone.
Hold high then our banner, maroon and gray,
Maintain it for aye.
May Honour in thought, word, and deed ever rule,
Watchword of Lord Selkirk School!

Then here's to Lord Selkirk, the school that we hold so dear;
We'll ever remember our joys and our friendships here.
May the lessons you've taught us remain through the years
To guide us along life's way.
Hold high then our banner, maroon and the gray,
Maintain it for aye.
May Honour in thought, word, and deed ever rule,
Watchword of Lord Selkirk School!

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